

# Secrets of Hell Revealed

TRUE STORY BY

HEPHZIBAH MARITZ

A true story

Secrets of Hell Revealed

Revelations from the heart of God

Hephzibah Maritz

Inside front cover

SECRETS  
OF HELL  
REVEALED

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Revelations of hell for the salvation of the lost

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My thanks and appreciation to my husband, Frank, and my friends who supported me unswervingly during the time of writing this book. Thank you for all your prayers.

This book was written as instructed by Father God. I therefore dedicate this book to my Father God, Jesus - Yeshua Ha Maschiach – and the Holy Spirit.

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## Foreword

It is a privilege to know Hephzibah personally. I am grateful that she could personally relate to me the wonderful revelations that the Lord gave her. I am reminded of an incident that John G. Lake refers to in a sermon which he delivered in 1921.

During a visit to South Africa, a group of friends and he one day prayed on a “koppie” (small hill). Amongst them was Mrs. Dockrell, a lovely spirit-filled woman. There, on the “koppie”, she experienced a powerful infilling of the Holy Spirit, and she had an extraordinary meeting with the Lord. She gave the group a message in a strange language, and later gave the interpretation in English. In answer to John Lake’s question of what had happened to her, she answered that the Lord took her to a place in Europe. In a cathedral she met a priest in a haze of cloud, and he gave her specific word from the Lord which she shared with the group (from: Lake, John G 1994. His Life, His Sermons, His boldness of faith. Texas: Kenneth Copeland Publications.)

What Hephzibah has experienced during the past couple of months, is truly exceptional. The Lord does not give revelations of this nature to many people. It is very clear that she is finely tuned to what He tells her, and her only desire is to obey Him. Supported by the prayers of a few people, including her husband, she has undertaken to walk this road. It is a very special cloak, or mantle of responsibility that has been placed on her shoulders, and I pray for her, and her family’s protection.

To God be the honour and glory!

Chris Liebenberg  
Pastor: Familia Christi

## Introduction

### The assignment

Over a period of approximately ten weeks, the Holy Spirit of God took me on several supernatural journeys with the following clear assignment: “You must write down everything, and publish it in book form. The content of the book must be simple so that everyone can understand it.”

“Write the vision and engrave it so plainly upon tablets that everyone who passes may (be able to) read (it easily and quickly) as he hastens by.” Habakkuk 2:2 (Amplified Bible).

Together with the prophet Isaiah in Isaiah 49:5, I want to answer: “The Lord gave me an important assignment, and God will empower me to complete it.” On the isle of Patmos, the apostle John received a similar commission. He writes in Revelations 1:10: “On the Lord’s Day I was in the Spirit, and I heard behind me a loud voice like a trumpet, which said: “Write down what you see and send it to the seven churches.”

I realise that there may be people who will read this book with misgivings, or doubt, and may even regard it as purely a flight of the imagination. My purpose is not to convince any one person of my

spiritual journeys. What must be revealed, the Spirit of the Lord will reveal, and also to those who are ready to understand it. (Jeremiah 33:3). In 1 Corinthians 2:9 Father God confirms: “No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has conceived what God has prepared for those who love Him” (NIV). I want to agree with 1 Corinthians 2:13 – 15: “This is what we speak, not in words, taught us by human wisdom but in words taught by the Spirit, expressing spiritual truths in spiritual words. The man without the Spirit does not accept the things that come from the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him and he cannot understand them, because they are spiritually discerned. The spiritual man makes judgment about all things, but he himself is not subject to any man’s judgment”.

The Father God has no favourites. He is no discerner of persons. He longs to have an intimate relationship with every one of his children. Because God is a supernatural Being, it is understandable that He will communicate with us through his Spirit, as John 4:24 explains: “God is spirit, and his worshippers must worship in spirit and in truth.”

“Satan is a person. He is a reality,” I clearly heard God say during one of my journeys. “Do not for one moment underestimate his craftiness and lies.” Satan will try in any which way to deter the children of the living God from walking the road of salvation. But his time is running out. He will try with even greater cunning to drag the children of the Light over the abyss and into the depths of his eternal darkness. It is only by the blood of the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ, Yeshua Ha Maschiach, and through the working of the Holy Spirit, that we will be covered and remain strong enough to resist the relentless attacks of the enemy.

Therefore we must be willing and receptive to be guided by the Holy Spirit in all truth, so that we can experience eternal glory and joy with our heavenly Father in the next life.

In John 16:13-15 Jesus explains: “But when he, the Spirit of truth, comes, he will guide you into all truth. He will not speak on his own; he will speak only what he hears, and he will tell you what is yet to come. He will bring glory to me by taking from what is mine and make it known to you. All that belongs to the Father is mine. That is why I said that the Spirit will take from what is mine and make it known to you” . Father God longs for an intimate relationship with each one of us; He wants us to listen to, and hear his voice. In Numbers 12: 5-8, God says the following about his servant Moses: “Then the Lord came down in a pillar of cloud; he stood at the entrance to the Tent and summoned Aaron and Miriam. When both of them stepped forward, he said, “Listen to my words: “When a prophet of the LORD is among you, I reveal myself to him in visions, I speak to him in dreams. But this is not true of my servant Moses; he is faithful in all my house. With him I speak face to face, clearly and not in riddles; he sees the form of the LORD”. It is God’s right to speak directly to those whom he chooses to entrust with a specific mandate. He is God, and it is not necessary for anyone on earth to direct Him how to make his message known. Praise the Lord for this.

There are times that I kneel in complete dependence before Father God for I cannot understand why He chose to give me this assignment. But time and again, He encourages me with the words: “I will always keep you deep in my heart, my child.” And I will rely on this promise. Father God did not simply reveal these things to me and then abandoned me. He is still with me, He walks alongside me. These journeys were just the beginning of a life journey throughout which He will accompany me, even as it leads to deeper revelations of the secrets of heaven.

### Personal background

I cannot explain why God chose me to write this book. I am just an ordinary person with no real significant or exceptional qualifications. However, I do believe that Word as prophesied in Joel 2: 28, 29:

“And afterwards, I will pour out my Spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your old men will dream dreams, your young men will see visions. Even on my servants, both men and women, I will pour out my Spirit in those days.”

Nevertheless, I had to carry out Father God’s instruction in obedience. He has long been preparing me for a time such as this. Since I was a little girl, I was aware of the presence of a greater Power in my life. During my childhood years I firmly believed in God, even though I didn’t understand much. When I was ten, I contracted rheumatic fever, which resulted in heart valve damage. This condition caused endless medical problems, including the death of my third child, a little girl called Erika, born at 28 weeks.

At 36, I was diagnosed with breast cancer and had a bilateral mastectomy. I was healed miraculously, and now, after 27 years, I have been completely cleared of cancer.

In 1989 I went through a painful and traumatic divorce which resulted in serious periodical financial need. But God was faithful and every single time, He brought supernatural deliverance. In 1989, when cardiac failure threatened my life, the damaged heart valve had to be widened. Again Jahweh Ropheka, the great Healer, was there with me, and the operation was successful.

In 2005, I married my current husband, Frank Maritz. We joined Familia Christi, a local congregation of Christ. This was the beginning of an amazing blessed spiritual journey with Father God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit.

Even as a child, I loved making up rhymes, and when I was 12, two of my rhymes were published. Thereafter I didn’t really write anything worth mentioning, except for a few exceptionally good essays written during my school years. Only when I turned 36, an inexplicable desire to write stories was awakened. In 1982 my first youth story was published. This was the beginning of 24 books, including youth stories, children’s books and adult novels. Although one of the books won a bronze medal in the Sanlam Youth literature competition, and two of my books were counted among the first five nominations for the ATKV-prize, I always had a feeling that somewhere there was a piece of the puzzle missing, and that the full picture was incomplete.

The picture is now being completed by the realisation that this journey, this book of God, is the very reason why I had to go through the writer’s school of learning. Without any formal training in writing, I had to climb the ladder step by step until Father God was satisfied with my progress.

Now, at the age of 63, I am able to complete the special assignment for which he created me in the first place! It is only now that I can understand why He gave me this creative gift. At the very beginning of time, I was selected to complete this assignment.

I give Father God all the honour and glory. And I am humbled and privileged to do something for my wonderful Father, my beloved Yeshua, and for my patient teacher, the Holy Spirit: “....so that no one may boast before him. Let him who boasts, boast in the Lord.” (1 Corinthians 1: 29, 31).

I can only ask that you will read this book in the same spirit that the experiences are communicated and shared. You can evaluate the content against the Word of God.

How does God talk to us?

Apart from through his Word, God talks to us in many ways: For example through dreams (Genesis 28:11-12), visions (Daniel 7 :2), prophets (Ezekiel 39:1) and spiritual journeys (Revelations 1:10).

## My spiritual journeys

During my supernatural journeys, I was repeatedly brought back to an almond grove. In the beginning, the trees in the grove were covered with blossoms. When I was taken out of my physical body to heaven, this

almond grove was often the point of departure. The angel who accompanied me, time and again brought me back to this almond grove.

Jesus I met mostly on grassy fields overlooking a beautiful dam. From there He allowed me to return to my earthly body.

Father God took me into his heart, and from within his heart I was sent out. In other words, the angel fetched me there, took me to the almond grove, and from there we departed on the different journeys. At the end of such a journey, we usually returned to the almond grove, and sometimes from there back into the heart of God (Jeremiah 1:11-12). At times I was taken straight from the grove back into my earthly body. Many factors were instrumental in this.

The almond grove

During my journeys to hell, and even to the throne-room of God, I was also taken on a personal journey of spiritual growth. The almond grove played a significant part in this.

The first time we left the almond grove, the trees were covered in awesome blossoms. Later, after the blossoms had fallen, little almonds appeared. The almonds grew bigger and bigger until they were fully formed fruit.

At the end of my journeys thousands of angels harvested the almonds in large fruit baskets. Thereafter I had to put the almonds in small buckets and distribute them amongst the people.

Dear reader, when I tell you that I was in Father God's heart, I emphasize that I never once saw Him. You will read how I was taken into his heart as if in a cloud. I could only hear his voice in my spirit, and I was very much aware of his awesome presence.

He wants us to know that the terror of hell will be far worse if it is accompanied by an eternal damnation.

I recognised Jesus from the scars on his hands and feet, as well as his long white robe. It was almost as if He wanted to reveal himself in the way he did to his disciples in Luke 24:39: "Look at my hands and my feet. It is I myself!"

I clearly recognised the angels from the movements of their wings, but I could not see their faces clearly. I distinguished the heavenly beings by their stature. They were about two meters tall, perhaps even taller.

I will try to explain and clarify things in more detail as I describe the heavenly journeys.

You will notice that sometimes I make use of the Hebrew name for Jesus: Yahushuah (Redeemer of Yah). In English it is Yeshua.

In Hebrew the name for Christ is Ha Maschiach (Messiah). The Holy Spirit is Ruach Ha Kodesh (breath of God).

When I think about the wonderful encounters with the angel, with Jesus, and the presence of Father God, I feel small and insignificant amidst the wonder of it all. It is not possible to describe my experiences in human words, but I will try to tell them as best I can.

*I would like to point out that Great White Throne judgment, according Revelations 20: 11 -15, is still to come, no one has yet been judged or doomed to an eternity without God. However, it is clear from the journeys that I undertook, that God wants us to recognise the terror of eternal damnation - an eternity of death we choose when we reject his salvation and the glory He has destined for us.*

## Part One

### Spiritual journeys to hell

#### 1. The entrance to Hades Friday, May 4, 2007

Together with six friends, we went to Israel, and whilst we were there, I had a supernatural, Godly experience. The encounter was preceded by a conversation with Father God in Jerusalem. I would like to give a short summary of this conversation: The events which followed thereafter will then make more sense.

For a long time I have had an intense desire to know my true purpose here on earth, as determined by God. In other words, I wanted to know his blueprint, his plan, for my life. I expressed this longing before God and then waited on his revelation.

In Jerusalem it became clear to me that many people, especially the women, have not yet realised that Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, has already died for our sins, and that He now intercedes for us with God the Father as our eternal High Priest. They are still waiting for the Messiah to come!

I could see the lifelessness in their eyes, their somber expressions. Very few of them laughed. They were like women in mourning, grieving when they should be full of life, filled with joy that Jesus, our Redeemer, lives. I wept before God. My heart and mind was in turmoil and I was in tears for days. "What will happen to them if they die without Jesus?" I asked God.

The burden of lost souls weighed heavily on my heart, and at night I cried before God. To think of those lost souls, was intolerable.

Once I called out: "Father God, what is locked up in your heart for me? What do you want me to do, apart from just feeling miserable about all those who are lost?"

During our visit to the Sea of Galilee, I experienced the presence of God and the Holy Spirit in a powerful way. On this last morning in the guest house, just before our departure, God showed me what was in his heart for me: At about six, I was supernaturally taken away by the Spirit of God. I was taken to a very high, vertical rocky cliff which was rusty in colour, but without any kind of foothold, or sign that

someone who has fallen down, could ever climb up again against the sheer formidable rock face.

From the top of the precipice, I looked into a black hole which led downwards into the earth far below.

I was then taken to the opening of the black hole, and could look down into its depths. It was like a bottomless pit. All of a sudden I

In my spirit I heard Father God's voice. It was a voice filled with sorrow: "No one can ever come back from hell. Go, and tell this to my children."

For about ten minutes God allowed me to experience the terrible hopelessness of the dark. When the Spirit brought me back, I stayed curled up in a foetal position, crying out to God: "No, no, Father God, no!"

For about half an hour those were the only words I could utter. The horror of what I experienced was so intense that I started feeling ill. I forced myself to get up, shower and get dressed. My husband, who was sleeping on a single bed next to me, was still fast asleep, and completely unaware of what I had experienced. I stood outside on the balcony of the guest house, and looked out over the lake.

"Why did you show me this terrifying vision, Father God?" I called out in a state of shock.

In my spirit I hear the answer: "Dearest daughter, I want you to understand how deeply concerned I am about my children, those who choose not to believe in the birth of my Son, Jesus, nor the salvation of his death on the cross."

After breakfast, when we joined our fellow guests in praise and worship, I still had the most awful feeling of nausea. I could hardly stand, and remained sitting in a bent over position. The ghastly vision

left me feeling depressed and morbid, and I became acutely aware of the fact that I am part of a far bigger picture. At that stage I had no idea what would happen next. On the morning of our last day in Israel, May 6, 2007, we were in Jerusalem, and I was sitting in prayer on the rooftop of our guest house. Many of the older buildings in this city have flat roofs, and it is possible to climb onto the roof. God again showed me the vision of the entrance to hell, but this time there was a difference. Jesus, wearing a long white tunic and with his back turned to the precipice, stood on the edge of the steep cliff.

In my spirit I sensed that God was giving the following message: “My beloved Son, Jesus, stands in the gap to prevent people from ending up in hell. He is the only hope, and only He can save people from eternal death. Go, and tell this to my people.”

I was reminded of Romans 5:2: “... Jesus Christ, through whom we have gained access by faith into this grace in which we now stand.” Verse 8 says: “But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: Whilst we were still sinners, Christ died for us.”

## 2. Prophecies and visions come into fulfillment

After my heavenly experiences in Israel, my thoughts returned to the prophetic word I received back home before our departure:

“God gave you so many gifts. I can see that you have a hunger for God. I also see that you will be used like an Esther. You will stand in the gap for many people. Read Esther 4:14: “And who knows but that you have come to royal position for such a time as this?”

On April 11, 2007, about two weeks before our departure to Israel, I also received the following prophecy:

“You will write a book, but God himself will teach you everything. He will tell you what must be written down. The manuscript must be finished, and published. This will be the key.”

I must admit that at that point, I did not understand much about the prophecy, but I felt at peace, and comfortable with it.

On May 8, 2007, two days after our return from Israel, an international prophet prophesied the following about me:

“There is a calling on your life, and you will help to save your sisters from hell. It will be as if you are pulling them out of damnation. You have experienced hell in your life – in fact, you have been through hell. But God now says you can rejoice, for He will restore things. Soon He will reveal even more to you. I am telling you what the Spirit of God reveals to me, in the name of Jesus.”

I was confused as to what this prophecy meant, but deep inside I suspected that something will be added to what I had experienced in Israel. At that stage, I had no idea what this would encompass.

On the night of June 4, 2007, I woke up at about twelve, and clearly heard the following words in my spirit: “Serve me with the heart of a child. Believe in me as a child would believe.”



I understood these wonderful words without questioning them. I knew that if I believed like a child, and trusted in God like a child, I would never be disappointed.

Just like my grandson, who cannot yet speak, shows us that he loves us, Father God asked of me: “Show me that you love me and trust in me unconditionally, just like a child.”

At about half past three on the morning of June 9, 2007, I woke up and heard Father God’s voice in my spirit: “You are now going through the river Jordan. The promised land of Canaan is right ahead of you. You can now enjoy the abundance of the Promised Land, and share its bounty with others.”

By the term “promised land” I understood that I have arrived at the heavenly Canaan and that I must share the fruit of the Spirit with my fellow travellers. Unconditionally, and with childlike faith and trust, I accepted the word God gave me, and made it my own.

While I was lying awake, at about three in the morning of July 20, 2007, I clearly heard the reference to 2 Timothy 4 in my spirit. The following morning, I read this chapter: “In the presence of God and of Christ Jesus, who will judge the living and the dead, and in view of his appearing and his kingdom, I give you this charge: Preach the Word; be prepared in season and out of season; correct, rebuke and encourage – with great patience and careful instruction. For the time will come when men will not put up with sound doctrine. Instead, to suit their own desires, they will gather around them a great number of teachers to say what their itching ears want to hear. They will turn their ears away from the truth and turn aside to myths. But you, keep your head in all situations, endure hardship, do the work of an evangelist, discharge all the duties of your ministry.” (v. 1 – 5).

I understood this, but did not really know it was relevant to – until I realised this was a word which encompassed more than I thought: It was a word of encouragement, and linked to the vision I had in Israel when the Spirit accompanied me to the entrance of the place of darkness.

I have realised that people will not like what I have to tell them. People simply do not want to know about a place of eternal damnation. They want to hear what they want to hear, and do what they want to do, without thinking about the day of reckoning.

On the night of July 22, 2007, I was lying awake.

In a vision I saw myself kneeling at Father God’s feet, my head resting on his lap. Father God took my hands and opened them separately. He took two red-hot coals from somewhere and put one in each hand. My hands started glowing up to my elbows. I heard him say: “Take this and speak healing over my children.”

“How should I do this, Father?” I asked.

“Do not worry. I will personally teach you, my daughter,” He answered.

He showed me sick people lying on beds. I had to touch them. I had to take the sick children into my arms and speak healing over them. I sensed that some of the people had to receive emotional and spiritual healing.

On July 23, 2007 a few friends and I had tea. One of them is a prophet. Led by the Holy Spirit, she gave me prophetic word:

“The reason why the Father brought you into this world is now being fulfilled.

“Father will firstly take you into his heart, and there you will be covered by his presence. Thereafter the Father will take you on several journeys in the Spirit. During the next three months you will experience the depths of hell a number of times. But you are forbidden to share any of this with others. Right now, not even your husband must know about all of this. God will show you the darkness of hell, but you will never be alone, for he will command an angel to accompany you at all times. You will not come to any harm, because you will be invisible and covered by his presence. Your assignment is that you must write down everything you experience meticulously, because it will be published in book form.

Right now Father is showing me the front cover of the book. As from this moment, you are forbidden to witness in public, and you are not to say a single word about your visions.

“No one will harm you – not you, or your house, or your children or your family. Do not be afraid.

“Identify a few intercessors who can intercede for you, people who you can trust. But even they are not to know everything. Make sure that you rest enough and eat healthily. Eat healthy food, for much will be demanded from you.

“God says that he will remove your reclusive nature. In a very short period of time he will teach you the Word, and help you to understand it.”

I was totally mystified and at a loss for words. I did not know what to expect. But even so, I remained calm in the knowledge that I could trust God unconditionally, like a child would. Even though Father God promised that I would never be alone and that I would be invisible to the enemy, I felt somewhat apprehensive about the unknown. The realisation that I had to enter the black hole of hell was a terrifying thought. But the fact that God promised that his angel would accompany me, was comforting indeed.

The expectation of seeing an angel also filled me with such anticipation that I could not even think of what this would entail. In childlike dependence I waited on Father God. I was completely defenseless, but consoled by the fact that God was on my side.

### 3. The process of preparation Tuesday, July 24, 2007

I was woken up early in the morning. I clearly heard Father God’s voice say: “When three months have passed, a prophet will help you. Thereafter I will restore you emotionally.”

I thought about this for a long time before I fell asleep again. During the day I spent a lot of time reflecting on all these things, but I wasn’t anxious. I was completely in God’s rest (Psalm 62:2). There was an expectation of what God was going to reveal to me. What can all these prophecies possibly mean? I wondered.

### Wednesday, July 25, 2007

I awoke deep into the night. I was aware of the shadowy figure of a very tall man moving in front of the window in the room; just like the tall men I later got to know as heavenly beings.

Daniel describes his heavenly experiences as follows: “Then I heard a holy one speaking and another holy one said to him, “How long will it take for the vision to be fulfilled...” (Daniel 8:13).

The heavenly being in my room held something that looked like a small silver bucket in his hand. Later I saw a similar heavenly being, again a very tall person, standing in the doorway close to my husband’s side of the bed. They were visible for a short period, but then disappeared.

In my spirit I was aware that the process of cleansing, the preparation, had begun. The next two days progressed quietly, and I sensed that something was unfolding.

Friday, July 27, 2007

Whilst we were enjoying an afternoon nap, I saw in a vision how I danced on the stage in our church.

I was dressed in white, and unaware of the people in the congregation.

Then I sensed the presence of Father God as He hung a bright orange cloak around my shoulders. "This is the mantle of healing," He said.

I was so overcome by what I felt that I could not comprehend the meaning of this. Although I later realised that this was God's way of assuring me of personal healing and restoration. I also remembered that I had read somewhere that orange was the colour of fire.

Before the time we went to Israel, I attended courses in soul care and counseling. During those courses I discovered that there was still a lot of hurt in my life. There were people I still had to forgive. And people I had hurt deeply. I went for personal counseling and was able to give all the failure and brokenness to Father God. By the wounds and stripes of my beloved Messiah, Jesus, I could be healed. By his precious blood spilt for me, I could receive forgiveness.

Because of this I could gratefully accept and wear the orange mantle. In his almighty power and grace, Father God promised me complete healing and forgiveness. I am deeply thankful for this cloak.

I now have the confidence and boldness to reach out to others, and to help broken people in their healing. It is only when the self has been healed, that you can truly help others to lay down past hurt and brokenness.

Because the gift of the mantle was a new and strange experience, as well as concept to me, I began praying about it. Job 29:14 explains it clearly: "I put on righteousness as my clothing; justice was my robe and my turban." From this I understood that wearing a cloak, or robe, in the Old Testament, was a symbol of God-given authority to take on a specific role or task. The cloak, or mantle, also typified identification: In Mark 1:6, John the Baptist, for instance, wore a cloak of camel hair.

When Elijah anointed Elisha as prophet, he put his mantle around Elisha's shoulders, as written in 1 Kings 19:19(b), 20: "Elijah went up to him and threw his mantle around him. Elisha then left his oxen and ran after Elijah."

That same evening, whilst Frank was at an all night prayer session, I sat before Father God, and asked Him to draw me into his Father heart.

Seeing that I was alone that night, I spent an amazing time in his presence. Sitting at his feet, I was still and quiet in his presence. I also prayed in tongues, as explained in 1 Corinthians 14:2: "For anyone who speaks in a tongue does not speak to men but to God. Indeed, no one understands him; he utters mysteries with his spirit."

My only desire was to remain in God's almighty presence, and to dance before him. Dance, and sing in words that only the Holy Spirit could communicate to God.

#### 4.The ladder

Saturday, July 28, 2007

The previous night I read until late. Somewhere inside of me was the expectation that Father God would arrive. I remained peaceful in Him as I only wanted to do what He expected from me. With my whole heart and soul I wanted to please Him.

I was woken up at about half past three, intensely aware of God's presence in the room. It felt as if a

heavy cloak or blanket had fallen over me as I lay motionless on the bed.

At first I experienced a strange sensation. Thereafter I saw a long ladder in front of me, and in my spirit I experienced that I was climbing the ladder. I climbed higher and higher against the ladder which looked like a solid structure, although it was made from rope. I kept on climbing, and made climbing motions with my hands.

A while later, the Spirit took me to a silvery white cloud, into which I moved until I was completely covered. Could this possibly be similar to John's experience in Revelations 14:14? I asked myself: "I looked, and there before me was a white cloud, and seated on the cloud was one "like a son of man..." "

From within the cloud I was taken into a tube-shaped passage. I was simultaneously participant and spectator and I could see how I moved down the passage. It looked like the inside of a clean vein to me: A vein without blood, but still part of a living body. The colour inside was a mix of yellow, orange and red, and it was incredibly clean. I moved further and was completely alone, but it felt as if I wasn't really on my own. I heard or saw nobody, but was aware of a presence surrounding me. Oddly enough, I didn't feel uneasy or scared at all, and was curious to know whereto the passage led. When I got to the end, flames loomed in front of me. I could not understand this.

"Where am I, Father God? What is this fire? What must I do?" I asked several times, but I also knew this wasn't the fires of hell.

I stood still in front of the flames. In my spirit I heard the following words: "You will have to go through the fire before you can see God's face."

"Father, is this the fire which will purify and refine me like gold?" I asked hesitantly, thinking of the words of Isaiah. (Isaiah 43:2). I remained standing in expectation of hearing his voice, but He did not answer me.

Suddenly I realised that I was back on my bed even though I did not climb down the ladder again, the heavy feeling of the anointing lifted, and I could move again. The fact that I could simultaneously see my physical body on the bed, as well as see myself walking in the cloud, left me with a feeling of awe and wonder.

I lay awake for a long time, meditating on what had happened to me. Eventually I fell asleep and when I woke up, the recent experiences were still churning in my mind.

I felt tearful the whole day as I was deeply touched by the events of the previous evening. "Father God, I do not understand everything that has happened to me. Did you take me into your heart as was prophesied? What were the flames and fire? It felt as if I had been moving inside a vein. "I do not yet understand, Lord," I prayed like an uncertain child.

I was really overcome by what I had experienced. It was all new and strange. So many things in the Godly sphere were incomprehensible to me, for up to that time I had only ever experienced life in the flesh. But even though I had no previous exposure to this new "world", I had an inexplicable hunger for more. I passionately longed to experience more of the Spirit, and more of our heavenly Father.

Early morning, around the time when I usually arise, God showed me two visions: One was of two books lying on a little round table. Both were soft cover books, with silvery stars, or something like it, on the dark front covers. Then He showed me silver bucket on another small table. The bucket was empty.

The meaning of the two books was clear. Father God showed me that I had to write two books. John received a similar assignment, as written in Revelations 1: 10, 11: “On the Lord’s Day I was in the Spirit, and I heard behind me a loud voice like a trumpet which said: “Write on a scroll what you see and send it to the seven churches”.

It was not clear to me what the silver bucket meant. However, I wasn’t concerned for I knew that at the right time its meaning would be revealed.

Later, as I fell down to my knees before Him, I understood: My wonderful Father God had taken me into his heart, as the prophecy said He would: I was taken up in the cloud of his mighty presence, and then into his Father heart.

Praise the Lord!

Tears ran down my face and I could not stop praising God, lifting his Name up high! For the rest of the day I was acutely aware of the fact that God was carrying me in his loving Father heart. The cloud into which He took me was his almighty presence. In 2 Chronicles 5:13, 14 the presence of the cloud is confirmed: “Then the temple of the LORD was filled with a cloud, and the priests could not perform their service because of the cloud, for the glory of the LORD filled the temple of God.”

## 6. Inside God’s heart Sunday, July 29, 2007

At the church service later that Sunday morning, while we were busy with praise and worship, I again felt the weight of God’s wonderful presence descending on me. My heart began to beat wildly, and I had a strange sensation while experiencing the anointing of the Spirit. It was so strong that I felt almost paralyzed.

I then found myself in the same vein as before, right where the bright orange flames were burning. The flames did not scorch me; I was only aware of the fact that the flames came from within the heart of the Father. I had no doubt about this; it was a certainty; a clear, inner knowledge.

The next moment I started moving slowly without feeling any pain, or the heat of the flames. I was still in the vein, but now its sides seemed as if they were lined with fire. Without the fire having touched me, or scared me, I began to move carefully along the inside of the vein. The anointing of the Spirit of God’s presence was heavy upon me.

Suddenly I found myself in a huge hall. The sides were like walls of orange red fire. I moved into the middle of the hall, and stood there. I was covered by flames, and they shot up above my head. I was inside the flames of the heart chamber.

In amazement I noticed that I was dressed in a long snow-white dress that touched my bare feet. I looked completely different. My hair was blond and straight, and tumbled down my back. Although I couldn't see my face, I was aware of the fact that I was about 30 years old - much younger than my real age. My hands were stretched out and I began to worship God whilst tears ran down my cheeks. Then the praise and worship in the church building ended, and the anointing broken. I was brought back to reality and I dried my tears in amazement.

During the rest of the church service I felt fragile, almost as if in a dream. The rest of the morning filled me with such wonder that I did not feel like talking to anyone. I wanted to be on my own and be still in the presence of Father's presence;

This event was but one of many which were very difficult to deal with in reality. Many a time I only desired peace and quiet, but naturally this was impossible for I realised what was happening. Whenever I had an intense supernatural experience, I did not want to be confronted with physical reality and activities. I felt torn between these encounters and everyday living. If I did not have the incredible privilege of running to Father God in my state of confusion, and hiding in his heart, I do not know how I would have been able to cope.

## 7. Spiritual warfare

Monday, July 30, 2007

From the moment I got out of bed that morning, I had an intense desire to be close to Father God. Eventually it became like a physical longing, almost scorching on the inside. While I was busy doing Bible study, my longing was fulfilled. The Spirit carried me away to where I stood in the inner chamber of Father God's heart. This was exactly the same place where I had been the previous time, I noted in amazement. My hands were raised as before.

Then something very strange happened. My arms were ablaze and flames shot up from my fingers. I was astounded by this and stared at my flaming hands. Suddenly I was cruelly jolted back into reality by unexpected loud noises in the back of our house. The anointing was broken.

Deep disappointment welled up inside me and tears ran down my cheeks. "Dearest Father God, I long for your presence. Why was the anointing broken? I so much want to experience more of you?"

Then the realisation shot through me like an arrow: The enemy wants to prevent an open heaven at all cost. Father God reminded me of Ephesians 6: 12: "For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realm."

I began to do battle in the spirit against the arch enemy, the Satan, and I called out: "Get away from me, Satan, go away! You are not welcome in my life. In the name of Jesus, go! I am now closing the door in your face and I am locking every door and gate. Go away in the Name of Jesus!"

With sudden clarity I understood why my friend warned me that only a few people must know about my spiritual journeys. This was also about personal protection. I needed to be set apart to experience the journeys unhindered. I was expected to write down everything in detail. This was an immense responsibility, and an assignment from God. Satan would not remain idle whilst he could see God's revelation unfolding, and he would try to stop it.

For the rest of the day, while I was doing house chores, I was quiet and introspective. I was intensely aware of the calling on my life, and felt weak and unworthy to do it justice. I longed for the presence of God; I wanted to be with him. More than anything else, I longed for the intimacy I had experienced with my Lord.

Later I went to do shopping. Back at home I began to worship God, singing to Him in my heavenly language. While I was sitting on the rug next to my bed, putting on my running shoes, I suddenly started crying: “Dear Father God, I long to hear your voice. Please understand this Father, and help me.” Almost immediately his Spirit came and took me into Father’s heart – to the exact place where I had been standing before with flaming arms. “Dearest Abba, Father, I love you dearly,” I whispered in awe.

At that very moment the front door bell rang shrilly. The anointing was broken abruptly and I was cruelly forced back into reality. Tears of helplessness ran down my cheeks, but I suppressed them almost forcefully as to not draw attention to myself. I so desired to take Frank into my confidence, but I wasn’t sure whether he would understand everything.

Again I started to do warfare in the spirit and prayed for being strengthened in the spiritual sphere. “Dearest Father, I will have to tell Frank so that he can understand what is happening. He will also pray for my protection. This is becoming too much to carry, Lord. I promise to be discreet with what I tell him,” I prayed on the way to the gymnasium. Whilst I was on the treadmill, I softly prayed to Father God. I was completely unaware of the people working out next to me. Once again the Spirit fetched me, and I found myself in Father God’s heart, where I stood in a snow-white dress, both arms still covered in flames up to the elbows.

“Wash me in the precious blood of Jesus, the Lamb slain for the salvation of all mankind. Please purify my heart, my Lord,” I began to pray.

Father God showed me how his precious blood started rising slowly, just like water. It rose above my head and arms until I was completely covered by the blood. For a short while I remained standing like this, covered by his precious blood, before He slowly lifted me out so that I could stand before Him. My hair was wet, but clean and fresh. My dress was snow-white and dry. I clearly remember that even though I had looked up the whole time, I could not see his face. I felt that I never wanted to look away again, never turn away from looking at my God.

Suddenly the anointing was broken, but I felt happy, refreshed and newly empowered. This experience filled me with God’s wonderful glory and presence, and for the rest of the day I was completely in his rest.

## **8. The Angel**

Tuesday, July 31, 2007

I woke up at about half past two in the morning. For a while I just relished the thought that Father held me close in his heart. It was such bliss! I was wrapped in his godly rest and peace. Then the heavy anointing of the Spirit came over me again, and I could not move. Next to me, Frank was fast asleep. It was his birthday.

I again found myself in Father’s heart. My hands were raised in adoration. I told Him how much I loved Him: Infinite love for my Abba Father, for He has called my children, my grandchildren, my

whole family into his kingdom. How incredible is the love of a merciful God. A God who was at my side when I was ill, and had breast cancer. How deep is my love for Him who has healed me!

I told my healer God how much I appreciated the fact that the heart valve which had to be widened during the operation, was still open. I thanked Him for every wonderful thing He has done for me. And told Him how much I feel for people who are suffering – people who are lost without him.

I started dancing in his heart, before my Father God, while I prayed in tongues, and spoke to Him. Inside his heart – that is where I wanted to be. It was blissful to be with Him. Peaceful. My soul was gloriously happy.

I felt how I was taken further away, along another vein in God's heart. For a moment I panicked, because I was comfortable where I was before. But this feeling soon vanished.

I found myself standing before two large double doors which swung open silently, and then I was in another passage. Here it was somewhat misty and darker than in the large chamber where I had been during the previous days. Right in front of me was a arched door surrounded by bright green creepers. However, the door was locked.

"What must I do, Father? Why am I here? I'd rather be in your Father heart, Lord?" I asked while I was looking around me.

I have no idea where the angel suddenly came from, but when I looked up, there was a beautiful angel beside me. I remembered that Father uses angels to carry out his commands, as in Psalm 103:20: "Praise the Lord, you his angels, you mighty ones who do his bidding, who obey his word."

I stared at the angel in amazement, completely overcome by my feelings. His wings were fine, gossamer-like, and in the most incredible, crystal clear, shiny white colours. Almost like the colours of a raindrop when the sun falls on it, fragile and beautiful. I could not see the angel's face, nor the rest of the body, only the white clothes and the almost transparent, glistening wings.

The angel lifted a heavy white clay pot, and poured the content, which looked like oil, over me. It ran down my body, but I didn't get wet. I was astonished, for the oil actually flowed into me, and disappeared into my new body. The door in front of me was still locked.

Suddenly I saw the inside of a book: The first chapter was complete, and on the next page there was a heading written in capital letters. In the spirit I heard God's voice: "Do you still remember when I gave you Jeremiah 33:3 as a sign, and the promise that I am going to change everything? Do you remember what is written in Jeremiah 33:3?"

"Yes, I remember, Father God. You told me: "Call to me and I will answer you and tell you great and unsearchable things you do not know."

Whilst we stood there in front of the arched door, I was brought back by the Spirit. Frank was still in a deep sleep. The heavy anointing lifted, and I could move again. I rose quietly, took some writing paper and sat down on the floor in the hallway. The soft glow of the outside light fell through the window on the floor and I could see clearly enough to write down everything precisely. I did not want to go back to bed immediately, for I wanted to remain in Daddy's presence. I longed to go back to his heart where I could dance before Him. I got up and danced for Him in the lounge in my nightclothes – like a little girl dancing before her Father in childlike innocence.

"I love you so much, Father God," I whispered in adoration. "Merciful Father, please help those who are suffering, those in need. It is so bitterly cold, and there are people sleeping outside in the open. So many little children who are suffering. Be merciful to them in Jesus' name," I begged in tears.

"I want you to rest now, my child," He said softly and tenderly. "Go to sleep. I am happy with your progress."

"Father God, I never want to leave your Fatherheart again, please Lord. I just want to stay in your heart, Abba Father. I love you so much. I love Yeshua, and I love Ruach Hachudesh."

"Go to sleep now, my daughter," He answered again tenderly.



Frank was still asleep when I climbed into bed, and snuggled up to him for I was ice-cold. I felt how in his sleep, he folded his arm protectively around me. I fell into a deep sleep, and felt wonderfully refreshed the next morning. I did not even feel the effects of having been awake for about two hours during the night.

That afternoon, at about three, whilst I was busy reading a book, the longing to be in God's presence became almost a physical pain. From the book I was reading, *The Secret Place* of Dr. Fife, God taught me that doors and passages exist in heaven. He taught me that the tabernacle in the Old Testament is a model of how church should be today. We must also finally go through to the Holy of holies where we can meet with God.

For the first time I understood that my body is a tabernacle of God. My body is the outer court, my spiritual life is the inner court, and the intimate spiritual experience of my Father, is the Holiest of all.

He taught me that I had to be finely tuned to recognise even the slightest prompting and stirring of the Holy Spirit so that I can experience the anointing presence of Father God. He taught me to despise pride and to honour a humble heart.

These teachings were like manna. And I devoured the content of the book.

## 9. The small dwellings

Wednesday, August 1, 2007

Right from the moment I got up, I longed to hear my Daddy's voice.

I begged Father for more time with Him so that we can be alone and undisturbed. I sat on the little rug next to the bed, and began talking to Him, but I was interrupted. I only got a chance to go to the guestroom to talk to him at about three that afternoon.

The Holy Spirit fetched me, and I again stood in front of the arched door where I had been before. This time there was a large, beautiful angel with me. The angel turned to me, and without any explanation hung a snow-white cloak around my shoulders. Immediately the arched door swung open and we found ourselves in a winding, tube-shaped passage, this one much darker than usual.

"Where are we going to now?" I asked hesitantly.

The angel did not answer, and wordlessly took my arm. Together we walked down the winding passage, and the feeling of uncertainty disappeared. Later we saw a bright light in front of us in the opening of a tunnel-like passage, and moved into the beam of the light, which was soft, almost like sunlight, but not as bright. There was no sign of a sun. Only the soft light which enfolded everything, almost as described in Revelations 21:23: "The city does not need the moon or the sun to shine on it, for the glory of God gives it light, and the Lamb is its lamp."

Right in front of us were the most beautiful green pastures. The grass was short and even. A pathway, almost like a dirt road, but smooth, light in colour and without stones, curved in front of us. Still arm in arm, I walked with the angel along this path.

A little further, I saw a dam down in the valley with blue mirror-like water. To the left, and out of nowhere, I noticed the quick movement of a child. I was overcome by joy and called out loudly: "Erika, is it you, my child?" In eager anticipation I pulled in this direction, but the movement disappeared as

quickly as it had arrived.

Even though the angel was with me the whole time, he did not talk to me. I found this very strange. But for some or other reason, I did not question him. I really do not know why.

Suddenly we lifted off the ground, and moved over the landscape to the other side of the dam, where we landed on a path again. Down in the valley I saw the outlines of small white dwellings. Their whiten roofs were in sharp contrast with the green pastures. A little further away from the houses, we remained standing, looking out over the valley. I was aware of the cloak around my shoulders.

“Why are we here? What are we going to do now? What are those cottages?”

“It is time for you to go back, my sister,” the angel said softly. I looked up in surprise, but before I could say anything, I was brought back in the Spirit. I was in my guestroom where I was busy doing Bible study. I was feeling a little unhappy, for I longed to be busy with heavenly things.

Later, on the way to the shopping centre, I asked God to show me who I could bless with a Bible – someone with whom I had a godly appointment.

“Do you go to church?” I asked an elderly gentleman at the filling station.

“Yes, we go church. My wife also,” he answered in broken English.

“Do you have a Bible?” I asked.

“Yes we have, but we want so much more Bible.”

He received the new Bible with both hands.

A friendly man showed me to a parking spot where I parked my car. The memory of his face remained with me while I was having tea with a friend.

Back at my car, I asked him: “Can you read English?”

“Yes. Does madam have something for me to read? We live according to the Bible,” he answered.

“What is your name? Where do you live?” I asked him.

“My name is John. I live in Kuils River Will madam pray for me?”

“What shall I pray for, John?” I asked.

“We really want to return to our country, Rwanda.”

“Can I give you this new Bible?”

“Yes, please!”

“I will pray for you, John, I will pray to Father God in the name of Jesus that you will find work in Rwanda.”

As someone was waiting to take my parking spot, I had to cut short our conversation. “I will pray for you, John,” I promised.

I could see the thankfulness in his eyes when I gave him the Bible, and a few rand.

“Thank you for an opportunity to sow mustard seeds, Father. In your grace, please take care of John from Rwanda, and his family. Let your goodness cover him, and hear his prayer. He longs for his people. I thank You in advance for what You are going to do in his life,” I prayed as I left.

At about ten that evening, while I was relaxing in a hot bath, the Holy Spirit fetched me. I found myself back in the green pastures, arm in arm with the angel. The white mantle hung down my back. Slowly we moved down the path.

“Who lives there? Whose houses are those?” I asked curiously.

The angel did not answer. Suddenly Father God showed me the faces of a few people. Firstly the laughing faces of my father and mother. Then my grandfather Koos, and grandmother Bettie, my great grandparents on my father’s side. I then saw my grandmother Kittie and grandfather Harry, on my mother’s side. Grandmother Kittie died when I was only five or six, but I could see the peace and happiness radiating from their faces.

I looked around in panic. “What about Erika? Where is my little daughter, Erika? She must also be here.”

Again the angel didn't answer me. I was really confused, and began searching for her. All of a sudden I became aware of the young girl on my left. She was slightly taller than me. I was so happy, for I knew immediately that it was Erika. She was the daughter I lost shortly after her premature birth 34 years ago. She rested her head on my shoulder. We were so happy together. I couldn't see her face and neither did she talk to me, but I knew she was happy to be with me. She moved with us for a short distance, but then remained behind. I looked at her anxiously.

"We must go on, my sister. Come, we must go," I heard the angel say softly, but with urgency.

I kept looking back as we moved on. My heart yearned to be with Erika, but she looked so happy. When I turned back once, she stood on a hill and waved at me. I lifted my left hand, and waved back until I couldn't see her anymore.

The angel was still on my right, my arm hooked in his. We moved on until the sea loomed in front of us. My thoughts moved from Erika to the sight in front of me. For a while we stood still on the beach. The sand was white and clean, smooth underneath my feet. I couldn't feel the coarseness of normal sand at all. Again I saw the open book in front of me. I could see that it was the end of a chapter. Before me were an open page and the heading of a new chapter: The sea.

I was brought back by the Spirit. The impact of what Father God had shown me was overwhelming, I sat and wept softly. Tears streamed soundlessly down my cheeks. I was so grateful to God, because my parents and my beloved Erika had been united with my heavenly Daddy. This was enough to console me. All I could say was: "Thank you, thank you, Father God. Thank you for everything you have shown me, even though I don't understand it all. How good you are to me!"

I was still overcome by emotion when I went to bed. But even so, I fell asleep peacefully for I knew where my loved ones were.

## 10. The sea and the almond grove

Thursday, August 2, 2007

I awoke deep into the night, and started thinking about the events of the previous evening. Some people will think I have completely lost it when they read the book. Sometimes even I feel a little odd. "This is because you now experience things in the spirit, "I heard the Holy Spirit say.

I smiled, for I realised: It is true. Before the journeys started, my spiritual experiences were limited to the visions I had from time to time. And before that, there were only the things of the perishable flesh. These journeys were entirely new and unique to me. Incredibly special.

While I lay thinking about this in the early morning hours, the Spirit again carried me away. I found myself on the beach together with the angel, at exactly the same place where we were the night before.

The sea was so quiet without the sound of the waves. The blue water stretched from horizon to horizon. I was amazed by the white sand underneath our feet which didn't feel like sand at all. The angel took me by my hand. It felt as if my vision became sharper, as if I could really see his large, strong, gossamer-like wings for the first time. The colours were beautiful and soft, shiny and white like those of pearls.

Before today I had been mostly aware of only the angel's presence, but now I could see more of him.

He was big, and everything about the angel was white, clean and peaceful. He exuded such confidence that I felt completely at ease. Carefully we moved into the water, which did not feel like water. We did not get wet either. I was astounded by this.

Suddenly we sank below the surface until we were completely covered by the water. When we found our feet again, we were surrounded by big almond groves. I looked around in surprise. The almond trees were covered in beautiful, bright-white blossoms. The crowns of the blossoms looked reddish in colour. I gasped in amazement. Can there be almond groves under the sea? I wondered, looking at the exquisite blossoms.

“Almond groves underneath the water... I don’t understand,” I stammered. The angel did not answer, only took me by the hand and walked on. In my spirit I began singing the words of a song: “By the precious blood of the Lamb...”

“This place looks a lot like a safe haven,” I later remarked.

“All of this is preparation,” I heard in my spirit. I did not understand this. Everything felt strange, and inexplicable; but I wasn’t particularly worried about it.

Whilst we were still in the grove, I was brought back in the Spirit. I felt tired in a strange way, and almost immediately fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning I struggled to make sense of the sea and the almond grove. I told Father God that I would like to talk to my pastor, for perhaps she could help me to get the Godly perspective I needed. My prayer was that Father God would prevent me from writing down anything which was born of the flesh. It was his book. And without his help I simply couldn’t do it.

There were times when everything felt so surreal, so strange that I was concerned that I may be imagining things. “To think these things, is not part of the imagination,” I heard in my spirit. This reassured me for I knew: This is the truth. I could never have imagined almond groves underneath the water in my wildest dreams. There was only one explanation: This was really a spiritual road on which I traveled, accompanied by the angel of God.

I was acutely aware of the fact that Satan was busy with his lies. He wanted me to doubt my experiences and my journeys with God. I then anointed myself, had communion and supplicated myself before God in prayer. I asked for protection in the name of Jesus so that I would be invisible, inaudible and untouchable in spirit. It was of utmost importance that I would be protected from the relentless attacks of doubt.

Without us having planned it, a dear friend and I later crossed paths in a shopping centre. This was a divine appointment and I was so happy to see her, I just about embraced her.

“Thank you, Father God. You are so good to me. You are faithful,” I whispered.

We talked about, and shared things, and she reassured me that this was indeed how God worked. Our conversation really encouraged me. We later had tea with another friend, and spoke about how wonderful our God is.

## 11. The dwelling-place of the dark forces of Satan

Friday, August 3, 2007

I woke up at three in the morning. I lay awake for a short while before I felt the heavy anointing of the Spirit. For a while I simply basked in his anointing. I was deeply aware of his supernatural presence.

“Rest for a while,” I clearly heard Him say in my spirit. At about half past three the anointing became intense. It was as if this time I was being prepared with even greater care, and remained under the anointing of the Spirit for a longer period.

“Rest a little longer, my child,” I heard Him say again.

Beside me Frank was very restless. He kept on moving in his sleep. I became aware of the presence of an angel in the room. I remained still in anticipation, softly praying in tongues, profoundly aware of the fact that this visit was planned in far greater detail.

I was carried away very quickly in the Spirit, and found myself in the heart of Father God. There, in the incredible, indescribable bliss of his presence, I only wanted to sing and dance and praise our God. I was held in his presence and peace for a longer time than before. His love is so real, so pure, so sincere and deep. I really cannot describe it in words, for words cannot do justice to this love or to the presence of his glory.

When I had been comforted for a while, I was carefully lifted up. It almost felt as if someone was handling a precious, fragile piece of porcelain. I was taken away while the angel remained at my side. In the distance I saw a scene unfolding in wonderful colours, almost like those one would see at sunset: Bright orange and hues of yellow; light colours with a mix of darker shades.

While we were moving closer to the horizon, the colours became brighter and brighter.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

Again the angel did not answer, but firmly held my hand. Suddenly we were surrounded by bright light - clear, crisp and golden, that became sharper and sharper. The angel covered my shoulders with his wings so that I did not have to look into the glaring intensity of the light. I drew incredible power from the light, which was absorbed into my body.

As we moved on, the light shone dimmer and dimmer and it became dark. We moved into a black cave with many layers of rock. I held tightly onto the angel's hand, aware of the darkness which loomed in front of us.

“This is the dwelling place of the evil powers of Satan. This is the realm of hell,” I heard a voice say in my spirit. We moved on in silence until we were swallowed by the dark cave. I started feeling nauseous. From everywhere out of the rock fissures, slit-eyes were watching us. A pitch black cat with red rimmed eyes came towards us. A scorpion-like monstrous creature appeared out of a side passage.

Everything was pitch dark around us. There was no sign of light anywhere, but even so I could see the limbs and skulls lying in the dark cave. We moved deeper and deeper into the cave. There were things bulging out everywhere.

“This is Satan's domain. Things like evil forces exist. Satanic forces are a reality,” I heard a voice say in my spirit.

“I want to go back,” I pleaded softly.

“Only a short while, then we’ll go back,” the angel encouraged me.

We moved around for a while. The nausea got worse and worse. The darkness more stifling.

“We’ll go back soon,” the angel said reassuringly. I got the feeling that I was being kept there so that I could understand the reality of the darkness. Even though the angel held me the whole time and I wasn’t frightened, I was in hurry to get out of there.

After a while we slowly moved out until we were back in the light, and from there we went straight back to the almond grove. It was heavenly to be back in the grove. The colours of the blossoms on the branches were soft and gentle.

“Go, and write down everything before you forget the detail. Do not delay. Do it right now, daughter,” I heard Father’s soft, but firm instruction.

“I’ll write it all down immediately, Father,” I answered obediently.

The heavy anointing lifted quickly. I got out of bed, put on a warm gown and slippers, and sat down in the entrance hall again to write down everything. When I eventually got back into the warm bed, I heard Father God’s soft voice saying: “Well done, my daughter.”

“Thank you, Lord. You know that I will do anything that you ask, for I love you so deeply,” I whispered softly.

As the warm duvet folded around me, I again whispered: “Can I sleep in your heart, dearest Father? I want to be with you.”

“You may rest in my heart, my daughter,” came his soft answer.

I felt Father God’s hand on my shoulder and almost immediately fell into a deep sleep from which Frank woke me at about eight.

## 12. War in the spiritual sphere

Saturday, August 4, 2007

Saturday morning arrived without me having been being on a journey the night before. I was thankful about this, for I enjoyed a good night’s rest, and felt stronger and refreshed. I remembered that I had woken up once during the night and had sung a wonderful song in my spirit. I searched for my notebook wherein I usually write during the midnight hours, and in the dark, I had penned down the following words: “I love you, my Lord, You are my only hope.”

In my spirit I sang these two lines again and again until I fell asleep. I shared this with Frank when he brought me a morning cup of tea.

“You are so privileged, my wife. Do you know that?”

I heard the longing in his voice. And quietly prayed that God would bless him with hearing and understanding the voice of the Holy Spirit.

“Thank you for my wonderful husband, Father God. You have selected him with your own hand. He is so good to me.” I prayed silently as I had my tea.

I got out of bed a little later, showered and washed my hair. I had just dressed when I recognized the voice in my spirit: “Come, my sister, we must go now, for we have work to do.”

“My hair is still wet. Can I dry it quickly?” I asked in a flurry.

“No. Come immediately.”

I heard the urgency in the words and went to the guest room where I usually sat doing Bible study. Covering my head with the prayer shawl which I bought in Jerusalem, I started praying in my heavenly

language. I had barely started when I felt the sensation I always experienced when I was taken up in the Spirit.

Together with the angel, I found myself in the almond grove. The angel took me by the hand and we moved, or rather glided at an incredible speed.

We moved up a steep mountain path until we got to the top of the mountain, and looked down over the valley before us. The valley looked very familiar, almost like the plain of Jezreel we saw in Israel.

It is on this plain that the last battle, the battle of Armageddon will take place. Revelations 16:14 says: "They are spirits of demons performing miraculous sign, and they go out to the kings of the whole world, to gather them for the battle on the great day of God Almighty. And in verse 16: "Then they gathered the kings together to the place that in Hebrew is called Armageddon."

As if a curtain was drawn back, I saw thousands upon thousands of black riders move across the plain on the backs of things like racehorses - if one could call them that - at unbelievable speed. In fact, these "racehorses" looked a lot more like big black dogs, almost as high as horses. But they did not look like the horses we know at all.

John describes the horse riders he saw in Revelations 9:16: "The number of the mounted troops was two hundred million. I heard their number."

Above the throng of moving black riders was an open, clean space in the sky

Above the open space were millions of angels, layer upon layer of angels in flight formation.

Unexpectedly the heavens tore open. A blinding flash of lightning coiled through the angels and struck the black riders on the ground. (Revelations 20:9).

At an incredible speed the riders swerved to the right. I could hear the thundering noise of hooves over the plains. The angel and I followed the black riders until we saw the place where they poured over a very high precipice like a stream of thick, black lava. The angel held my hand tightly. We followed the black stream to where it disappeared down a black hole in the valley. The stream later looked more like thick, black, dirty oil which poured over another precipice in front of us, and ran down a black pipe. We did not touch the black mass at all and only followed the flow.

It was pitch black inside the pipe, but we were still able to see the stream of riders pouring down. It really looked like thick sewage running down a sewage pipe. The stream was endless. I found confirmation for this in Isaiah 34:3: "Their slain will be thrown out, their dead bodies will send up a stench; the mountain will be soaked in their blood." The angel remained close to me the whole time, tightly holding my hand in his.

"We have to go further, because you must see everything," he said in a soft, soothing way. I felt quite safe for I knew this was something I simply had to do.

13. Satan's council-chamber  
Saturday, August 4, 2007

Even in the pitch dark the white wings of the angel shone brightly. Unexpectedly we found ourselves in a huge chamber. It was still pitch dark, but we could see everything. Is this the place that Proverbs 15:11 refers to? "Death and Destruction lay open before the LORD..."

Right at the end of the chamber-like cave, were black shapes. But it seemed as if they were unaware of our presence, and completely absorbed in what they were doing.

We went closer to see what was happening. In the middle of the cave was a long, oval-shaped table. Bat-like creatures sat around the table. At the head of the table sat a creature that banged on the table with a hammer. This looked like Satan's council-chamber where they were having some kind of emergency meeting.

Out of the mouth of the pipe which opened into the chamber, a stream of soldiers kept flowing. They

threw their metal axes, or sword-like weapons onto a heap and disappeared into the side corridors, which were also black pipes.

In Ezekiel 32:26-27 we read the following: “All of them...killed by the sword because they spread their terror in the land of the living. Do they not lie with the other uncircumcised warriors who have fallen, who went down to the grave with their weapons of war, whose swords were placed under their heads?”

From inside the chamber another large black pipe sunk even deeper into the depths. I looked uncertainly at the pipe and waited on the angel’s next instruction.

“This was enough for one day. You must still write down everything. Let us go back,” the angel said.

“Oh, please just help me to remember everything. I am so scared I’ll forget something,” I pleaded. “Do not worry about it. I promise you, you will not forget a single thing, but we have to go back now.”

Things happened very quickly, and before I knew it, we were back in the almond grove with its thousands of blossoms. Immediately thereafter I was brought back in the Spirit to where I was still sitting in my chair in the guest room. Feeling disoriented, I stammered: “Father God, I do not understand the things you have shown me, but I will write them down exactly as I saw them.”

For a long time I remained sitting in my chair, and remembered the warning in Ephesians 6:12 with some apprehension: “For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realm.”

Father-God’s assignment was clear: I had to write down everything I saw. And I believed that God would do the rest.

For the rest of the day I frequently listened to gospel music. I wanted to fade out Satan’s calculated attempts by listening to beautiful music. By that afternoon, when I again thought about that morning’s visions, incredible uncertainty started to close in on me. Am I losing my mind? The thought shot through my thoughts like an arrow and again I had to withstand the vehement attacks of Satan.

“Why don’t you leave me alone, Satan? You have nothing to do with me. I belong to Father God. In the mighty Name of Jesus, get away from me! Take your lies and get out of my life!” I screamed.

I called to Father God: “Almighty God and Father, please tell me that I am not losing my mind. Confirm these revelations and talk to me through your Word. There must be nothing of my own imagination present in your revelations, Lord. I need your help with this. I beg you Lord; no one else can help me, only You, great, almighty God.”

My cry was like that of a wounded animal. I ran to my room, opened up my Bible, and just started reading at random. My eye fell on Isaiah 41: 13-16: “For I am the Lord your God, who takes hold of your right hand and says to you, Do not fear; I will help you. Do not be afraid, O worm Jacob, O little Israel, for I myself will help you,” declares the LORD, your Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. See, I will make into a threshing-sledge, new and sharp, with many teeth. You will thresh the mountains and crush them, and reduce the hills to chaff. You will winnow them, the wind will pick them up, and a gale will blow them away. But you will rejoice in the LORD and glory in the Holy One of Israel.”

“Thank you, Father, for the wonderful confirmation that you know me, and that you will help me through everything.” The uncertainty fell from me like an old, wet dress. How could I ever have doubted God? Feeling secure in his confirmation, I was at peace in the rest of our almighty God and Father.



Monday, August 6, 2007

While I was getting dressed in the morning, I felt an urgency in my spirit to withdraw to the guest room. While I was praying Psalm 23, and praising Father God as the only God of heaven and earth, I was taken into Father God's heart by the Spirit. I could see myself dancing and singing in praise before Him, twirling with my arms raised. Directly hereafter the Spirit of God took me to the almond grove. By this time I had realised that the almond grove was the platform from which we departed on our journeys, and to which the angel and I returned many times. This was my safe haven. And Father God could not have chosen a more beautiful safe haven! There were times when the smell of the almond blossoms lingered for the whole day - sweet, fresh and slightly spicy. A fragrance that I've never smelt before.

The angel came to me immediately and took me by the hand: "Come, we must go."

As we moved, my little white cloak fluttered behind my back. The angel's gossamer-like wings shone with a myriad of soft colours. From an open sky above, soft light fell over us like a transparent light column. It was like a protective glass tube, but open at the top. The light above us reminded me of an open window to heaven.

We moved over the ocean until we got to a really rough patch. The water was pitch black. Everywhere we went, the cylinder of light remained around us. We then climbed down a stairway which led to far beneath the pitch black sea. We could breathe, see and move as if we were above the water. Suddenly we were right in front of the sheer vertical abyss that God had shown me during our visit to Israel. In the black hole below the abyss, stormy water seethed tempestuously. For a while we remained motionless above the black opening. It was almost a physical experience of Job 38:17: "Have the gates of hell been shown to you? Have you seen the gates of the shadow of death?"

The angel held my hand tightly: "We have to go down into the depths," he said softly. I looked up. To my relief, the protective glass tube of light was still around us. On the outside of the tube it was pitch black and I could not see into this darkness. We were sucked into the black hole and spiraled down until we landed on some kind of surface. From there we moved through a dark passage. The tube of light remained around us.

At the end of the passage I saw tongues of flames licking the darkness. I held the angel's hand even tighter as I instinctively held back. He folded his arms and wings protectively around me so that I could lean against him in safety.

"You do not have to be afraid. Nothing will happen to you, my sister," I heard him say. The cylinder of light was still around us. Slowly we moved down the passage to where we had to go through the flames. Strangely enough we could not feel the heat of the flames at all, neither did they scorch us. On the other side of the flames was a hall-like cave. In the floor of the cave, was a massive crater extending deep into the earth. Something like thick, black, boiling lava simmered and boiled inside. I was in the protective wings of the angel, my face against his chest. We went into the crater. Halfway down, I turned my head and saw side corridors turning out of the main passage, and we moved into one of these.

The glow of the flames and the simmering lava were on the outside of the protective glass tube. Inside the side passages, there were smaller boiling-pots. What I saw there filled me with sickening horror beyond description: Firstly I saw little pools of fire underneath boiling pots. There were things which looked like seats around these fires where the spirits of people sat waiting. Evil spirits came up from behind them and brutally shoved them into the smaller boiling-pots.

People's spirits were then dragged out of these smaller boiling-pots and shoved down the large crater with satanic pleasure.

While we were standing there, the horror of what I was witnessing washed over me. I shuddered and the angel held me closely. I wished that I had never seen this monstrous scene, and wanted to erase it from memory forever.

I gasped. "Is this true, or am I going mad?"

The angel did not reply. A terrible, indescribable feeling of sorrow came over me. It became too terrifying to stay there any longer.

"I want to go back," I whispered in shock, stifling my tears.

"Just hold on for a short while," the angel answered soothingly.

Repulsed, I saw how the spirits of men were repeatedly taken from the huge pool of fire to the smaller pools of fire to wait there. This was a nameless, horrible torture. The loneliness, the misery of these God forsaken people was awful: An everlasting fire of boiling and seething lava.

The hopelessness of the people who were again and again taken out of and pushed into the fire can only be likened to what is written in Revelations 20:14, 15: "Then death and Hades were thrown into the lake of fire... If anyone's name was not found in the book of life, he was thrown into the fire."

Revelations 21:8: "But the cowardly, the unbelieving, the vile, the murderers, the sexually immoral, those who practise magic arts, the idolaters and all liars - their place will be in the fiery lake of burning sulphur. This is the second death."

"Come, let's go back," the angel said at last. I sensed that the scene had become unbearable for the angel too. We could no longer look at the misery of these poor human spirits. Within a split second we were back in the passage, and quickly found ourselves in the dark seething sea. We moved in the direction of the light in the distance, and then to the safety of the almond grove.

I was brought back into Father God's heart almost immediately, where I lay curled up, crying bitterly about the lost souls and the despair I had witnessed: People who did not accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

"You must start writing down everything straight away. Best do it now," I heard Father God's soft voice urging me. I was brought back in the Spirit, and fell to the floor shaking and shivering. Was Father God showing me something about the future? Surely there are no pools of fire yet? Was this only a glimpse of an event to come, like the Day of Judgment?

I suddenly remembered Father God's instruction and wrote down everything. When I had finished, I walked into Frank in the passage. I leaned against his chest and cried helplessly and inconsolably.

When I went to the gym later on, I was still in a state of shock. Whilst on the treadmill, I experienced terrifying attacks from the enemy. Against the wall in front of me hideous, demonic eyes were looking at me from an advertisement on one of the television screens. In spirit, I began to do battle against the powers of darkness, and closed my eyes so that I could not see anything.

Deep inside, I mourned for the people I saw in the gym. I wept for those who do not know God and do not love him. Revelations 20:15 says: "If anyone's name was not found written in the book of life, he was thrown into the lake of fire."

I experienced intense, terrible pain in my spirit. I felt sick with concern for those who choose against God and will end up in an eternity of hell without Him. But then Father God reminded me of Revelations 20:10: "And the devil, who deceived them, was thrown into the lake of burning sulphur, where the beast and the false prophet had been thrown. They will be tormented day and night for ever and ever." Satan will one day receive his due.

When I got to my car outside, I felt that I should make contact with a friend. She told me that she had been interceding for me since the previous day, because she experienced in her spirit that she must do it. She assured me that neither I, nor my family, will be harmed, and suggested that I stay at home for the next

14 days, and relax. I had to eat enough protein rich food to strengthen my body. She advised me to avoid public places and to keep myself busy with the things of God.

Later, at home, the memory of what I had witnessed was unbearable and I could not stop crying. I begged God: "Please tell me that what I have seen isn't true!" In my spirit I knew that only the blood of Jesus can keep us from the terrors of hell. No religious spirit, however "good and right" it may seem, can save us from an eternity without Him.

At times I felt terribly tired and weary. Dark circles had formed underneath my eyes. But I knew: I had to do what I was doing for the sake of those who can still come to their senses, and return to God when they read these revelations.

For their sake I was willing to face the terror of hell.

15.           The red mantle  
Wednesday, August 8, 2007

I had a dream at about two in the morning. I knew that Father God was intensely involved in my dream. But when I wanted to write it down after I woke up, I could only remember the following message: "Trust in me with childlike faith." The rest of the conversation had faded, but I didn't feel concerned about it. I knew that Father God would make sure that I remember what I had to.

-----oOo---

I was washing my hair just after eight in the morning. Again I felt an urgency in my spirit that Father God wanted to share something with me. Frank had already left for an appointment. My hair was still wet, but I dressed in a hurry and went to my prayer room. I closed the door behind me, put on my prayer shawl, and opened the Bible. I sealed off the room in prayer so that nothing would interfere with this special time set aside for God.

My Bible lay open at Matthew 8, and I started reading. Up to verse 17, it tells of healings that took place during Jesus' time on earth. Aware of the anointing of the Holy Spirit, I sat with my eyes closed, and waited. I was not disappointed, because the Spirit carried me away, and into the heart of my beloved Father.

I was dressed in a snow-white dress, and a white cloak hung around my shoulders. My hands were stretched out, and upwards. A very bright light shone on me. It seemed as if the light washed over me from a window above. A short while later we were back in the almond grove. The angel was next to me. I expected him to take me back to the dark abyss, but this didn't happen. We were taken back into the Father heart.

"I am in your heart, Father. It is wonderful to be with you," I whispered with my eyes closed.

"You are very tired, my daughter," I heard Father God say. There was such tenderness and compassion in his voice. I remember nodding wordlessly. My spirit was very tired, because during the last two days my thoughts remained preoccupied with the terrifying experiences at the pools of fire. The exhaustion was intense, and I felt morbid and depressed.

The angel was with me in God's heart. I became aware of a number of angels standing in a circle around me. They were holding hands, and moved in the circle around me. Their wings were delicate, with colours like that of a drop of dew in sunlight. Incredibly beautiful. The tips of their wings lightly touched each other. They bent slightly backwards and then forward so that the wings folded over me. The tips of the wings still touched each other. They moved sideways, backwards and forwards a few times. I was so happy - filled with ecstatic happiness and joy.

I saw a big, rectangular clay pot. As had happened before, an angel took the pot and poured the content which looked like transparent oil, over me.

This was strange, for even though it ran down my body, I did not get wet. I became aware of a bright red cloak being draped around my shoulders. I took it that the red cloak was hung over the white one, for I cannot remember the first ever being removed.

“Which cloak is this, Father?” I asked in amazement. “The precious blood of my Jesus... this is just as red.”

“It is the mantle of healing,” I heard in my spirit.

I stood speechless. Did I hear correctly? Will this mantle help me to feel better soon? I wondered.

“You will need this in times to come. I will teach you more about it myself.”

It filled me with wonder that Father God was always so tender and loving, considerate and sensitive towards me. I knew that it was Father God who gave me the red mantle to wear, and that it symbolised Jesus himself.

After a while, the angels left, and I stayed behind in Father’s heart. I was fascinated by the incredibly pure red colour of the cloak around my shoulders. Then something happened that I didn’t really understand nor can I express it adequately in words. It was as if Father God was talking to someone else. A soft light was glowing in his heart.

I began to cry softly. “Loving Father, you gave me this precious red mantle. Thank you, thank you for this, Daddy.” Tears were running down my cheeks, and in my spirit I heard: “Write down everything before it fades in memory...”

“Dearest Father God, purify me by your precious blood,” I pleaded softly. Father’s heart again filled with blood until I was completely covered, but again I could both breathe and see. When I came out, my clothes were snow-white and the red mantle still around my shoulders.

This was infinitely precious to me: The fact that Father God was prepared to wash me in his holy, precious, royal blood filled me with humility beyond description. I was then brought back to my room.

“I am willing to do whatever you ask, Father, but You must teach me what I should know.”

I fell to my knees on the floor and cried out: “Baptise me with the gift of obedience, wonderful Father, and give me a humble heart, please Lord!”

After a while I got up to dry my hair. The events of the morning were so very precious to me. I began to understand what a friend meant when he told me during our trip to Israel: “Father God has earmarked you. You carry the sign of his circumcision in your heart.” My heart was bleeding indeed for unsaved, damaged people who crossed my path daily. It felt as if a layer was being peeled from my eyes so that I could look at people in a new and different way.

16. The bondage of false teachings  
Thursday, August 9, 2007

During the first half of the night I had a dream where I was witnessing to people in a garden. There were little sculptures and gnomes everywhere. While I was witnessing, one of the gnomes fell over and rolled out of the garden. I sensed that God was busy removing the idols in my own life. He wanted me to get to the things that really matter. God taught me that He is the only God, and there is none like him.

Later that morning, while I was contemplating the dream, I felt the heaviness of the Spirit's anointing descend on me; once again it felt as if I could not breathe. I was then taken into Father's heart. "Dear Father, I want to know in more detail what this red cloak means, but I can't talk to anyone about it, only with You. Please give me everything I need to carry out your Word. Heavenly Father, I now know that You want to bless me with many other gifts and equip me for the work that must be done.

I know that You have set aside everything that I will need for this journey. But because I did not understand it before, I could not ask for it. Father, I now ask that You will equip me to do the work for which You have earmarked me. Show me, Daddy, what I must take from the heavenly storeroom. Equipment that I will need to finish the work You have given me," I pleaded in quiet dependence. Something was then given to me. I looked in utter astonishment at the massive rock. It was so big I had to use both arms to hold it. At first I was under the impression that it was a sort of whitish stone, but later saw that it was a huge rock. Confused, I stood with the rock in my arms. I could hardly hold it.

"What is this, dear Father?" I asked flabbergasted.

I heard Father God's soft voice in my spirit: "This is your strength. Take it, for you will need it, my dearest one."

"A thousand times thank you, Abba Father," I stammered in deep gratitude, slightly bewildered by it all, for I did not know what to do with the rock. In anticipation I looked up to where Father God's voice normally came from. A wonderful, bright golden light fell over the rock from above. (Psalm 62:3).

In my spirit I perceived that I took the rock with me, and that it actually became part of me.

At indescribable speed the angel and I moved over a very long distance. This was the longest distance we had ever covered during our various missions. We moved over an area of desolation which looked like a barren landscape. It was like a black desert. The sand-dunes below us were pitch black, but the sand was not like normal sand. We moved high above the desert landscape. Around us everything was pitch black. I was reminded of Revelations 17:3: "Then the angel carried me away in the spirit to a desert."

The only light present, was the ray of light which fell over us like a piercing bright search light. We were again covered in the tube of light which moved with us wherever we went. We passed over a black sea. Only the tube of light around us shone in the darkness.

"Where are we going to?" I asked astonished.

"To the Valley of Deception, the Valley of the Lie," the angel answered.

We moved over the last stretch of black sea, and found ourselves in a wood. The trees were black, burnt stumps without branches or foliage. It was the loneliest, most desolate place you can imagine.

Everything was as dark as night. There was no light anywhere. We criss-crossed between the stumps in the lifeless forest. The burnt trees stood around us like skeletons. Although it was pitch black, I could see everything. I noticed apparitions between the tree stumps. With horror I recognized these shapes as human beings. People with long grey hair that covered their faces like veils. Their shoulders were bent, and their faces turned to the side. I did not recognize anyone. They dragged their legs like prisoners in heavy leg irons.

From deep within these bent creatures, came terrible moans. It seemed as if they were carrying a lifetime of sorrow and agony with them.

"Who are these people? Why do they look as if they have been wandering in this wilderness and desolation for years?"

My heart went out to the people who were caught in this horrible bondage.

“These people are chained in the prison of deception and religion. Satan keeps them captive in chains so that they cannot get to the truth of the Word. They live like people who are separated from the truth by a heavy veil,” the angel answered.

I could not look at the terrible scene in front of me, or take in the extent of its horror.

“We must free them from these chains and eternal prison, please Father, we must! What will happen to them? “I called out in despair.

The angel took me by the hand and we soared higher until we were high above the tree tops. Only then could I clearly see the thousands of grey living dead moving beneath us. It was like a grey sea, slowly rolling from side to side as the wandering grey figures with the heavy weights around their ankles struggled through the black tree stumps.

From high above them, I saw that even their hands were shackled by heavy chains, the weight of which was dragging them down, causing them to shuffle forward in a bent position. During their torment deep pitiful groans gurgled from deep within them.

“I can’t watch this any longer. It is terrible - we must free them!” I cried.

The angel took my hand and we moved further in silence. We moved over the mass of grey, over the edge of the forest and then back over the black sea. The gloomy barrenness was beneath us. It felt like a lifetime before we finally crossed the dark desert.

When I saw a small light in front of us, I couldn’t wait to get there. We moved in its direction until we were covered by soft light. Back in the almond grove I was unable to appreciate the lovely, fragrant blossoms. My heart felt like lead. Then the Spirit brought me back.

The place of desolation became a burden on my heart: The knowledge that there were people walking around like the living dead. These were people who refused to accept Jesus as their Saviour and Redeemer, people who denied the fact that by his precious blood we were freed. 2 Corinthians 4:4 says: “The god of this age has blinded the minds of unbelievers, so that they cannot see the light of the gospel of glory of Christ, who is the image of God.” The Word also says: “For false Christ and false prophets will appear and perform great sign and miracles to deceive even the elect - if that were possible.” (Matthew 24:24).

I slowly got up. In the ray of light that fell across the entrance hall, I sat down on the carpet and wrote down everything. While I was alone in the lounge, I realised that the living dead were the spirits of people who were still alive, but who were caught in Satan’s lies, shackled by his deception, the false constructs of religion. They were the ones so bound by deception and false doctrine that they were unable to reach out to God.

They live in bondage, without their Saviour and Redeemer, Christ Jesus. Therefore the terrible loneliness and destitution, for there is no redemption by the blood of Jesus, no freedom. They live without hope: The living dead.

“It is not too late for them, Father God. We must free them from Satan’s chains. Open their eyes, Father. Please remove the veils from their minds - save them before it is too late,” I begged God on my knees.

“They must choose for themselves. I will not force anyone to accept the truth of salvation. This is a choice every man must make for himself, my dear daughter,” I heard Father God answer softly. His voice was soft, tender, and indescribably sad. Awful nausea and pain rose within me while I was pleading with God: “Father, I will not rest until they are unchained. We cannot give up!”

Once I had written down everything, I climbed into bed next to my husband. But I couldn’t sleep. I kept calling on God. I prayed in tongues, and worshipped God, using from his innumerable Names those I could remember.

I called to Jesus, our good Shepherd, and begged the Holy Spirit for wisdom. My spirit felt heavy, as I felt the burden of the lost. I wanted to weep and groan with them. In my spirit I lay curled up in Father

God's heart. The red cloak folded around me like a warm blanket. I was heartbroken because people were lost without God, and willingly clung to their false beliefs.

Enraged by it all, I screamed at Satan: "You liar! Thief!"

17: The angel Gabriel

Thursday, August 9, 2007

Later that night the Spirit again took me away. The heavy anointing covered me and I could not move. In spirit, the angel was next to me: "Come," is all he said. I looked up in surprise. We had just come back!

"We have work to do," he said softly.

"I am ready," I replied.

We went to the delightful almond grove, covered in perfect, fragrant blossoms. All the trees were in full bloom. Butterflies in incredibly beautiful colours fluttered everywhere. The colours were mainly gold, yellow and white. There were even bees on the blossoms, but I had no fear that they would sting me.

We sat down underneath one of the almond trees. I stretched out my legs whilst the angel knelt next to me.

I have no idea where the book came from, but he put it on my lap. I wanted to look at the title, or see if it was the Bible, but we started paging through it.

"Which book is this?" I asked. But before I could get an answer, I looked up. In front of me, between the almond trees, stood an unbelievably big angel. His hair was white, and shoulder length. He was wearing a white tunic or dress, and over these clothes he wore a shining white cloak that hung down to his feet. I could not see his face clearly, just as I never seen the face of my companion angel clearly.

"Who is this angel?" I asked in amazement, for I knew that this was an angel with great and special power. There was something different about him, an authority in his bearing and in the way he acted. I suspected that he came with a very special assignment.

"My name is Gabriel," was his answer.

I remembered the angel Gabriel who Daniel talks about in Daniel 9:21: "...while I was still in prayer, Gabriel, the man I had seen in the earlier visions, came to me in swift flight about the time of the evening sacrifice." I could not tear my eyes away from the imposing figure. His wings were awesome, too beautiful to describe. What magnificence, I thought in admiration.

"You must learn more about the Word," the angel Gabriel said.

"I know, because I don't know the content of the Bible well," I answered embarrassed. I felt a little guilty, because an angel of God had to point that I must learn more about his word! All my life I had wanted to see an angel. Little did I know that I would be so privileged as to meet the holy angel Gabriel - this special messenger of Father God was talking to me! It was something I had only dreamt of.

The angel Gabriel carried something like a bag made of skin, or hide with him (Genesis 21:14). The wind started to stir. The words blew from the pages of the book. I sat in complete astonishment as I watched the angel Gabriel catch the words in the bag.

"You must eat the Word so that it can become part of you," he said.

The apostle John did something similar, as described in Revelations 10:9-10: "So I went to the angel and asked him to give me the little scroll. He said to me, "Take it and eat it. It will turn your stomach sour, but it will be sweet as honey in your mouth."

Gabriel poured the words over my head. They ran down my body like water. My hair was drenched with words. More words blew from the pages and were caught in the bag. This time the words were poured into my ear. It felt strange, a little ticklish, and I giggled softly. But then I remembered that an angel of God was busy filling me with the word of God, and that I had to remain respectful to his

messenger.

More words were caught in the bag, and this time I had to swallow them. Others were shaped into little heaps, like cotton wool, and put on my eyes. This was an incredible experience. I felt light, happy and deeply content.

“Where are all the words going?” I asked.

“Like heavenly food, you must take in the Word, and keep it deep in your heart,” the angel Gabriel answered.

When all the pages of the book were empty, he turned and moved away slowly. I stared after this wonderful angel in awe until he slowly faded and disappeared between the almond trees. I sighed deeply. This experience was heavenly, indeed.

The angel and I stayed in the almond grove, and I lay stretched out on the ground underneath one of the trees. “Now you must rest,” the angel said softly, almost motherly. He repeated this, and covered me with the red mantle.

“No, I still need to write down everything!” I protested.

He just let me be. The Spirit took me back to my bedroom. I got up quietly, went to the lounge and wrote down everything. When I climbed back into bed, it was after five: Day was already dawning and light fell through the open window.

I was very tired, as I had been awake since two.

Later that morning, as I sat with the open Bible in my hand, I whispered softly: “I love and adore you so very much, wonderful Father and God.”

For the first time I heard Father God reply to this: “I love you too, my daughter.”

“Father help me not to talk about these revelations. I beg you, place a guard before my mouth, and seal my lips so that I will keep all this confidential until you release me,” I pleaded softly. I was completely taken into his rest, and I knew: God Himself will see to it that not a word will be included in this book that He has not sanctioned.

## 18. The vision of the bride

Friday, August 10, 2007

I woke up during the first half of the night. In spirit I saw how I lay resting in God’s heart like a little bird. Even though Father had blessed me with a good night’s sleep, I was still tired. The previous night’s experience had drained me emotionally. While I was lying there with my eyes closed, white patches, almost like foam, appeared in front of me. I lay waiting with an expectation that I was going to experience something.

In a vision, God showed me a mass of foaming water that poured over a wall. It was not quite as big or high as a waterfall. Then I saw two angels tip over a heavy pot, almost like a white clay pot, and something ran out of it...It looked like water, but was more shiny and reminded me of the river of living water referred to in Revelations 22: 1: “Then the angel showed me the river of the water of life, as clear as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb.”

I lay there wondering what Father God wanted to show me. But then exhaustion caught up, and I fell asleep.



The next morning I woke up feeling happy and refreshed. I wrote down the vision exactly as I saw it. At about ten, during Bible study, Father God showed me another vision. This time it was the most beautiful bride. She wore a snow-white wedding dress, the loveliest dress imaginable. The dress was made of exquisite, delicate material.

In her hand was a posy of almond blossoms. The wide train of her dress fanned out behind her. Around the hem of the veil which was attached to the back of the dress, were fresh almond blossoms. I could not see her head, or face. I could only see her body in the dress, and I sensed she was moving in the direction of her bridegroom. He wasn't visible, but in spirit I knew He was waiting for her. Above them sky was filled with soft, golden light.

I had a feeling that Father God had something to do with this vision. I sensed that God wanted to tell me that He had given his blessing and that he was very happy about the approaching bride and the upcoming wedding.

Revelations 19:7, 8 refer to this wedding: "Let us rejoice and be glad and give him glory! For the wedding of the Lamb has come, and his bride has made herself ready. Fine linen, bright and clean, was given her to wear." (Fine linen stands for the righteous acts of the saints.)

All of a sudden the scene I saw two nights ago came to mind again. I remembered the prisoners shackled in chains and the burnt forest clearly: The living dead. The memory of their lifeless movements was vivid in my spirit.

"Father God, what about those people blinded by Satan, those who are so far away from You? What about them?" I called out, and wept whilst I interceded for those who were doomed to an eternity without God if they were not freed from their chains in time. I desperately started searching for answers in the Word of God. I read in John 10:1-17: "The good shepherd lays down his life for his sheep." (v. 11). I read that Jesus is the gate to the sheep pen. "I am the gate; whoever enters through me, will be saved."

"Father God, You offered your Son, Yeshua Ha Maschiach, on the cross so that we can be saved. His blood spilt on the ground and stained it red. It flowed across the stone-floor when his body was lacerated by the whips with pieces of iron attached to it. He endured 39 lashes and then died on the cross so that I, and your people, can be saved.

"Why don't they accept this grace? Why do they choose to shuffle like the living dead with fettered hands and feet? Why go straight to those terrible pools of fire to be tortured and abused by Satan and his henchmen? Why, why? Is it not possible for you to save them in time, almighty, merciful heavenly Father? Hear my prayer, and help them, oh please, Lord!"

Torn by the desperation I had witnessed, I sat and wept before Father. I saw myself in Father's heart, kneeling and begging Him to save those who are still imprisoned by religion: Those who, like the Pharisees, go to church Sunday after Sunday, Bible under the arm, but not knowing Him at all; people who think that their regular religious pretense will save them from eternal doom, but in reality they are walking around like the living dead, their spirits shackled and bound.

I looked up at Father God and could feel his intense sorrow and pain for his lost children. "Merciful Father, I will do everything you ask of me, anything to save those people from eternal hell. If I have to experience the horrible terrors of hell just to save one person, I will do it, Father.

"Please help them, Lord. I beg you. Remove the scales from their eyes and remove the veils from their darkened minds so that they can discover the beauty, the wonder of your love and grace, so that they can get to know You. Be merciful to them before it is too late. I beg you, Lord!"

My eyes fell on John 10:18: "No one takes it (my life) from me, but I lay it down of my own accord. I

have the authority to lay it down and to take it up again.” Jesus made the choice to die for his sheep.

“Yeshua, Yeshua, why do your brothers and sisters not believe it! Why not?”

“They do it out of their own free will,” I heard Him answer softly.

I remembered Revelations 3:20: “I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will go in and eat with him, and he with me.”

“Why don’t they want to open the door for you, Yeshua?”

“Only when they accept my grace out of choice can I save them. Then, and only then alone.”

I cried before God for I did not want to think about the people in the forest. It had affected me deeply.

“I am prepared to do whatever you ask of me if I can help others, Father. I love you passionately, infinitely, Spirit of God, for you are prepared to teach us and guide us,” I whispered brokenly. I crawled deep into Father’s heart, and huddled there like a half-frozen little dove. “A thousand times thank you, merciful Father God, for the privilege to have found and experienced your perfect peace. I love you Abba, Daddy.”

“Go in peace, my child. I love you dearly.”

For the rest of the day I could not stop thinking about people who choose not to accept Jesus. I felt restless and my spirit was heavy with concern for those chained by the lies Satan tells them.

He keeps them from redemption; imprisons them for his own evil pleasure, wanting to torture them for all eternity. This is who he is. The greatest liar of all time. The biggest rat on earth. The father of the lie.

In my spirit I sensed that the Satan was getting ready for more vicious and vehement attacks to confuse and blind people - especially now that the bride was getting ready to put on her wedding gown. At about half past eleven that night I woke up and again found myself in Father’s heart. I began to praise and tell Him how wonderful it was to spend time in his loving heart. That I acknowledged Him as the only God of heaven and earth. I told Him that I believed in his faithfulness, and that He would never break his promises. I confessed that I believe in Him like a child, and that I knew He would never leave me for one second, even if there are times when I don’t think about Him. In my spirit I heard the following words:

“Arise, and anoint yourself with oil, my beloved daughter.”

It was so cozy and warm in bed - and I thought: Would it be ok if I did it in the morning?

“No, do it immediately, my child. Do it now,” I heard Father God say. I could hear the urgency in his voice, and got up to anoint myself with the oil we had bought in Israel. Back in bed, I fell asleep almost immediately. That night Father God blessed me with a deep and peaceful sleep.

## 19. Playgrounds of Satan

Saturday, August 11, 2007

I woke up feeling refreshed, but with a longing to be in God’s presence. I could feel an urgency in the

spirit, a now familiar restlessness. When I sat down in the guest room for quiet time with God, I had an expectation that Father God would meet with me. I opened the Bible and read in John 12:44: “Then Jesus cried out, “When a man believes in me, he does not believe in me only, but in the one who sent me. When he looks at me, he sees the one who has sent me.”

Why is this so difficult for people to understand? Surely, it is clear: Father God and Yeshua is one. Is it really that difficult to grasp? I wondered. My father could be father and son and brother and grandfather in the flesh, and still remained one person. Why would it be so difficult to understand that God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit are one, too? John 17:21 says: “I pray... that all of them may be one, Father, just as you are in me and I am in you. May they also be one in us so that the world may believe that you have sent me.”

While I drew near to God in prayer, I was taken into his heart. I could see myself dancing in his heart. I twirled round and round in my lovely white dress with the red mantle around my shoulders. I was ecstatic. It felt heavenly to dance for Abba Father, for I sensed that it pleased Him. Suddenly the angel appeared next to me.

“Come, we must go,” he said and took my hand. I drew back softly, for I was so happy in Father’s heart, and it was difficult to leave his presence. The Holy Spirit reminded me of my prayer the previous evening: “Father, I am prepared to do anything you ask of me. Anything to help free your children from Satan’s claws. I will do everything, as long as I can just stay in your precious Father heart.”

I immediately left with the angel. We went through a long passage. It looked like the vein along which we had moved the first day. We got to the almond grove where the trees were still in full bloom. We lingered here for a little while before we moved on and got to a long tunnel. The tunnel was dark, and it was similar to a manmade tunnel here on earth. There was a shaft where we had to go down. The angel’s arms were folded around me. Something warned me that we were on our way to the deep darkness, and I felt my resistance to go further. I held onto the angel, until we got to the end of the tunnel. It felt like a very long time to me, but in the spirit it probably only took a few seconds.

“Where are we going to?” I asked hesitantly.

“You will see shortly,” was all he answered.

We arrived at a place which looked like an overhanging cave. The mouth of the cave, opened up somewhere over the sea. I was amazed to see a beautiful, bright sky-blue cloak around my shoulders. It is difficult to describe my surprise, for I remember that in Father’s heart I was still wearing the red mantle! I can’t recall anyone giving me the blue cloak!

“Why am I now wearing a blue one?” I asked, but the angel did not answer me. He kept staring in the direction of the open sea. The sea was dark, and turbulent. While we were standing there a black pirate ship sailed towards us over the waves. The ship came very close to the cave where we were waiting. We went on board unseen.

The open sea was still turbulent and the waves lifted us high before we plummeted down again into the stormy sea. The journey felt endless. We stared over the sea. The water splashed over us, but it did not feel like real water. I could see the ominous swells of the raging seas around us as lightning flashed through the sky. At last we went on shore. It looked like a deep cave. We moved into the enormous cave. It was pitch black inside, but we could see everything. To my horror I saw figures with white-painted faces everywhere. They were sneering the whole time.

“Now you can see Satan’s playground for yourself. He launches his cunning attacks from here,” the angel said and took my hand.

We moved deeper into the dark cave. I was amazed to see some of the figures kicking a rugby ball, others were playing cricket. Standing around something which looked like a table, a few spirits were looking into a crystal ball. Some were bent over a card game. Deeper into the back, there were conversation rooms. I was fascinated by what was going on. They were completely focused on whatever

they were busy with, and unaware of our presence.

From the back of the cave we moved into an even bigger, darker cave. A few of Satan's advisors sat in a circle, seemingly discussing strategies. They were so absorbed in their meeting that they did not look up at all. Some started laughing. I could see that they derived satanic enjoyment from whatever they were discussing. Loathing and a terrible anger rose inside me against Satan and his demons who were working relentlessly to trap God's children in their evil traps.

A fire burning in one corner of the cave caught my attention. We moved towards it. Satanists stood around the fire next to a pile of Bibles, using them to stoke the fire. They obviously took perverse pleasure in watching the Bibles catch fire and then burn down to ashes. I looked at them with horror. My whole being was in revolt against Satan's supporters and their callous, calculated actions. Satan knows what power is locked up in the Word when God's true children take it up as weapon (Ephesians 6:11).

"This is what his playing grounds looks like." I heard the angel say next to me. How can that be? I thought. Does he have a part in everything that takes place on earth? (2 Corinthians 2:11).

As if the angel could read my thoughts, I heard the answer in my spirit: "These are only a few examples of seemingly harmless entertainment that Satan uses to fulfill his crafty plans; to blind God's children and to trick them into captivity."

Why am I not surprised? I wondered. These things are known to me, I realised.

"We must go back. You have seen a lot and you must still write it all down," I heard the angel say as if in a distance. We were taken away quickly, straight to the almond grove. Thereafter, I was brought back in the Spirit.

When I recovered my senses, I sat in complete silence for a while. I understood now that even sport can become an idol. Satan blinds us with success and performance so that we can't see his hand in things. Sport and seemingly harmless entertainment are tools of perversity and idol worship in his hand.

I could not get rid of the feelings of sadness and anxiety, and I felt down-hearted the whole day.

I remembered that during Bible study that morning I read in John 2:35: "The man who walks in the dark, does not know where he is going." I was again reminded how easily Satan ensnares us: Snares that his advisors plan carefully, and with devilish pleasure. Is there nothing God's children can enjoy where the craftiness and cunning of Satan is not strategically embedded to make them stumble? I felt sick when this reality dawned on me. Jesus warned us many times when he was here on earth: "Be self-controlled and alert. Your enemy the devil prowls around like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour." (1 Peter 5:8). The Word also says: "The spirit is willing, but the body is weak." (Mark 14:38). Satan builds his strategies on this marning: He attacks and tempts the flesh.

20. Satan's throne-room  
Monday, August 13, 2007

At about ten that morning I sat down in my usual chair. I felt upset and torn, and I yearned to be in God's presence.

I also felt uneasy and was irritable with Frank the whole morning. I had a strange feeling of being rushed.

I took my Bible and read John 17:11: "Holy Father, protect them by the power of your name - the name

you gave me - so that they may be one as we are one.” What a comfort to know that Yeshua intercedes for the saints with our holy Father God. I immediately asked God to cleanse my room in the name of Jesus. And that Satan, his powers and henchmen will not come near my children and my family. I asked that all openings and entrances to my house will be sealed in the name of Jesus, that God will place a wall of fire around me, and my loved ones, and that the telephone won’t interfere with the time I dedicated to God. I declared the room holy before Father God. I then drew near to Him and inside his heart I lay flat on my face before Him.

“I long for your presence and touch,” I whispered urgently. I was fetched by the Spirit. The anointing was so heavy that I could not move. My breathing was laboured and my heartbeat quickened. At that moment the angel arrived, helped me to get up and took my arm.

Without a word being said, we found ourselves in a garden. We followed a pathway winding through beautiful flowers. The colours were shades of blue, soft pink and white. The flowers had tiny, thin stems, and looked like linarias, the flowers we call “orphan flowers”. I have never seen such beauty and colour before (Matthew 6:28). I could not turn away from the fragile little flowers, and sat down just to touch the flower cups, breathing in the sweet fragrances. It was gloriously beautiful. But the angel moved faster on the pathway, now winding sharper than before. Suddenly we were in a barren, deserted landscape which became more and more desert-like as we moved on.

“Where are we going to?” I again asked in surprise, but the angel did not answer.

We moved over a long distance until we got to the entrance of a tunnel. The entrance was dark and ominous but we could see where we were going. I grabbed the angel’s hand when I saw sinister, slit, cat-like eyes watching our every move. At the end of the tunnel was an enormous hall with huge craters spread over its floor.

“We must go into this crater, but do not be afraid. You will not be harmed.” I thought of Isaiah 43:2.

For the first time since we had left God’s heart, I clearly heard a Voice: “Today I’ll show you a place where no one has even been. No one has ever seen it.”

Something warned me that this could be really terrible, and I clung onto the angel’s hand. We fell down the crater; it was as if we were sucked in by the abyss. The sides of the crater were red-hot, but the flames did not burn us. I saw the safe, transparent glass tube which surrounded us, just like during some of our previous journeys. Relief washed over me.

This time, I was deeply aware of God’s holy presence, and it made me feel safe. I remembered Psalm 139:8 “If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there. If I rise on the wings of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast.”

We moved into a black underground passage. The passage led into a long tunnel. Once through the tunnel, we ended up in a large, open cave. I stopped in my tracks: On a black pointy throne right in front of us, sat the most frightful, ugliest, humanlike Satan. His wings were pointed, like those of a bat. In his hand he held a scepter which resembled a fork.

On both sides of Satan’s throne stood angels clothed in black. They were his angels, and their wings looked like his. These monstrous creatures stood like soldiers on guard. Their cruel and menacing appearance is hard to describe.

It seemed as if Satan was overflowing with venom and malice - it emanated from him. The very presence of such undiluted hatred caused me to shrink back.

The angel next to me remarked: “Now you see for yourself what his throne-room looks like. No one has ever set eyes on it before.”

I clearly remembered Revelations 2:13: “I know where you live - where Satan has his throne.” And Revelations 12:7: “And there was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon and his angels fought back. But he was not strong enough, and they lost their place in heaven.

The great dragon was hurled down - that ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, who leads the whole world astray. He was hurled to the earth, and his angels with him.”

The angel held my hand firmly in his. I held back. “Please take me back,” I pleaded.

Satan suddenly stood up. From somewhere inside me, like a wind rushing past, came words which cut like a sword: “We are standing here in the name of Yeshua.” When the word Yeshua sounded, Satan and his bodyguard melted and changed into huge rats. Dark grey, almost black, fat, creepy rats. They milled about the throne. A huge snake, like a brown-yellow cobra, rose and pulled back its huge scaly head. He aimed in my direction as if to strike. I heard myself utter a command which reverberated through the cave: “In the name of Yeshua, you will not harm me!” The enormous thick snake fell backwards and hit the floor with a thud. It brought to mind Revelations 20:1: “I saw an angel coming down out of heaven, having the key to the Abyss and holding in his hand a great chain. He seized the dragon, that ancient serpent, which is the devil, or Satan, and bound him for a thousand years. He threw him into the Abyss and locked and sealed it over him, to keep him from deceiving the nations any more until the thousand years were ended.”

“Come, we must go,” the angel said.

We left in a hurry, out of the mouth of the red-hot crater, over the forlorn moon landscape and the valleys with the fragile little flowers. We arrived at our safe haven, the almond grove, where the trees were covered in blossoms. I heard God’s voice in my spirit:

“No one has ever seen Satan’s throne-room, but you had to see it, for you must witness about it. Satan is a reality. He exists. Give my children this message, for they must know and understand: Satan really exists. He is the father of the lie. He masquerades as being good, but he is dangerous and cunning. My children must be warned against his craftiness and treachery.

“I love you so much, Father,” I whispered.

“I know, my daughter. I love you too, very much. Now write down everything in detail, and then rest. I am satisfied with your work. Write it down, for it is important that you do not forget anything.”

I felt my heartbeat subside and the heavy anointing lift. Father God’s voice was clear and comforting: “Do not be afraid. Nothing will harm you, my daughter.”

I fell forward onto the bed. It was now clear why I felt so restless and uneasy the previous day. I had sensed Satan’s menace.

“Almighty God and Father, why are you showing me all these atrocities? How can I ever forget them?”

Father God answered: “Because you must write down everything, and it must be published in book form. My children must read what you had seen. It must be made known that Satan is a person, and a dangerous reality.”

“Then I accept it Father. I will do it for you.

“You are a daughter after my own heart, and I will never let you go away from my heart, for you are precious to me. Do not be afraid of the terrible things that you see, for not a hair on your head will be touched. My angels are around you. They have been commanded to protect you wherever you go.”

“Please confirm this promise in your Word, Father,” I pleaded and started to page through the Bible. I read Proverbs 30:5: “Every word of God is flawless. He is a shield to those who take refuge in him.” I felt God’s peace wash over me and I took comfort in the knowledge that He will never break a promise. For He is God. He cannot lie. HE IS.

The picture of Satan and his angels having\ turned into rats when they heard the name of Yeshua, was clear in my memory. I recalled how the snake fell over backwards and slithered away when the word “Yeshua” was spoken. (Luke 10:17). This is how powerful Yeshua’s name is: He who crushed the head of the snake when he was crucified and overcame death. The death of Yeshua on the cross and his resurrection disempowered Satan. All his bravado was only a show. He was nothing more than a rat.

Then Father God showed me a vision of an gigantic abyss. A number of stones rolled down and shattered to pieces in the depths of the abyss. Once more I heard Father God’s voice: “My children must remain watchful, for Satan will continuously try to tempt them with lies, and blind their eyes so that they cannot see through his crafty plans.”

2 Corinthians 11:14 warns us against this: “And no wonder, for Satan himself masquerades as an angel of light.” I felt Father God’s arms around me, and I entered his rest.

As I left the room, I felt confused in my spirit. But immediately the visual memory of Satan literally crumbling at the sound of the name of Yeshua flashed past me.

Two friends and I later shared in blessed fellowship. We marveled at the wonderful mysteries of our God, as we ministered to each other: This is God’s heart; this is his church. One in sharing each other’s burdens, one in sharing each other’s joy and pain.

On the way home, I praised and worshipped God for the privilege of having friends. Friends who could support me during these exhausting but incredible, blessed time. Friends who interceded for me. That night I fell into a deep sleep and woke up the next morning feeling refreshed.

21.           The dragon  
Tuesday, August 14, 2007

At about eleven that morning, whilst sitting quietly before God, seeking his face, I found myself in his heart. I was kneeling in front of Him, and a soft light washed over me from above  
“It is wonderful to be in your presence, Abba Father. This morning I just want to be with You,” I whispered and started praying. I noticed an exquisite little cloak around my shoulders. It was covered in almond blossoms! I could not stop looking at its fragile, delicate beauty.

“This is the mantle of the first fruit, the first harvest,” I heard God say in my spirit (Deuteronomy 26:1-2). While I was still staring at the cloak in awe, my companion angel suddenly appeared next to me.

“Come, it is time to go,” he said softly.

“I want to stay with the Father,” I begged.

“You will come back, but first we have work to do.”

He took me gently, but firmly by the hand - the way one would do with a child.

We moved along the pathway amongst the fragile little flowers. I wanted to stop and admire their amazing colours, but there wasn't time. There was urgency in the angel's movements. He took me by the arm and also held my hand tightly as we descended downhill along the winding path.

We went down a steep incline. We could see the sea at the foot of the hill. When we had almost reached the edge of the water I stopped abruptly. The sea was wild and turbulent; the tempestuous waves a mass of foam. Amongst the waves, was an enormous monster that lifted itself above the sea like a giant octopus. I saw its thick strong tail, its pointed wings and the huge open mouth with teeth. It looked like a cross between a pre-historic dinosaur, a huge octopus and a crocodile. Its colour was a dark, almost grey-green.

In the Bible we read about monsters, for example Revelations 13: 1-2: “I saw a beast coming out of the sea. He had ten horns and seven heads.” And in Psalm 74:14: “It was you who crushed the heads of Leviathan, and gave him as food to the creatures of the desert...)”

Isaiah 27:1 also refers to the monster from the sea: “In that day the LORD will punish with his sword, his fierce, great and powerful sword, Leviathan the gliding serpent, Leviathan the coiling serpent, he will slay the monster of the sea.”

I held back, but the angel tightened his grip on my hand. The sea around us was a mass of churning, raging water. We went into the water and quickly sunk below the surface. The protective tube of light was around us again.

“Where are we going?” I asked uneasily.

Much to my disappointment the angel did not answer (as many time before). It was pitch dark around us. After a long while in the stormy water, we got to a big black tunnel. We moved down the tunnel for a long way. Startled by the flames that came out in the entrance to a fiery oven in the tunnel, I tried to hold the angel back. Flames of fire licked like tongues into the tunnel in front of us, just as described in Revelations 9:2: “When he opened the Abyss, smoke rose from it like the smoke from a gigantic furnace.”

When we got close enough, I could clearly see into the oven. It was hideous to witness pieces of human flesh burning in the oven. The flesh fell away until only the white bones remained.

“This is too terrible. I want to go back,” I heard myself call out in terror.

“No, come on,” the angel answered determinately.

“Who are these people, where do they come from? Why are they being tortured here?” I asked in shock.

My eyes remained fixed on the flames where unthinkable horrors were in progress. The angel pointed at a side passage which ran into the pool of fire from a different direction. From within this passage came the most terrible wailing and weeping. Dark satanic spirits were dragging people from the tunnel, and throwing them into the fire with demonic glee and enjoyment. They continued the torture by poking the human “firewood” with sharp objects. The Word is clear about the misery and wretchedness awaiting those who out of free will choose against God: Matthew 8:12: “But the subjects of the kingdom will be thrown outside, into the dark, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

Dear reader, man was not made to go to hell. Hell is a place prepared for Satan and his fallen angels. But Jesus warns us that people can end up in a place without life, without God, too.

I cannot describe to anyone the horror of what I had seen and heard there. Deeper into the cave, at the back of the fiery oven, Satan and his companions sat huddled together over something which looked like documents. They were so deeply immersed in deliberation that they did not even look up. For some or other reason, we remained there. I was anxious, and only wanted to get away from the torture chamber and block out the sounds of wailing and pain. These atrocities were intolerable.



22. The monstrous octopus  
Tuesday, August 14, 2007

Why are we waiting? Why aren't we going back? I wondered, anxiously looking at the angel. But he just waited quietly and kept looking at the entrance of a wider passage in front of us. Although the light was dull and grey, we could see clearly.

Then an enormous, misshapen monster came waddling out of the dark passage. Its paws were thick and heavy like a bear's, its head was massive with horns on it. Smoke billowed out of its nose. With clumsy, heavy movements it moved forward menacingly, directly towards us. This "thing" was light in colour, almost white in contrast with Satan and his angels who became visible in the adjacent cave. Revelations 13:2 describes something similar: "The beast I saw resembled a leopard, but had feet like those of a bear, and a mouth like that of a lion. The dragon gave the beast his power, and his throne and great authority." I grabbed the angel in panic.

"Yeshua has dealt with the beast. You do not have to fear him," the angel said.

"What is this monster?" I asked hesitantly.

I heard a voice answer in my spirit: "This is the antichrist, and he is the brainchild of Satan himself."

Again I heard Father God's voice: "Go, and tell everything to my children. They must beware of the antichrist, the one who will try to replace me. He disguises himself as an angel of light but in reality he is a dangerous monster. Warn my children about this."

The monstrous thing stood in the entrance of the cave, billowing smoke and trampling about. Satan and his henchmen were still completely absorbed in whatever they were doing. I suddenly understood why the creature was whitish in colour. This symbolises the antichrist's pretence, but in reality he is the monstrous Satan himself. With our eyes fixed on the creature, we slowly reiterated. The bear-like monster stayed where it was, hissing and puffing.

We are warned against this creature:

1 Peter 5: 8-9: "Be self-controlled and alert. Your enemy the devil prowls around like a roaming lion looking for someone to devour. Resist him, standing firm in the faith, because we know that your brothers, throughout the world are undergoing the same kind of sufferings."

When we got to the place where the oven was, only smoking ashes were left on the ground. All of a sudden the angel was in a hurry: "Come, we must go back immediately."

We moved quickly through the long dark tunnel until we surfaced above the water. Again we went through the stormy waves to the beach.

Back in the almond grove I felt paralyzed by shock, confused and disoriented. The angel went up to a tree, picked a small branch with blossoms, and gave it to me. While I was holding this, I was brought back in the Spirit.

For the rest of the day, the feeling of disorientation remained, and I could not concentrate. I was very nauseous, too. The huge oven where human spirits were incinerated like waste, haunted my thoughts. So did the huge monster with its menacing waddle.

Even though the angel assured me that Yeshua will deal with the monster, and I believed this, I could not get rid of the anxiety within me. I felt depressed for I knew that there were really hard times awaiting us here on earth.

Throughout the day, something kept warning me in spirit: The antichrist is already here. He stands in the doorway, and we must never underestimate him.

I understood Father God's urgent prompting: "Warn my children about the antichrist; his cunning and craftiness are dangerous."

I kept praying quietly all day: "Father God, how must I complete this assignment? Where do I start?"

What is the message I must tell the world? Equip me with everything I need, and teach me, for I am ignorant and simple.”

While I was writing down all that had happened, I kept feeling that this assignment was too much for me to complete. But I was convinced of its urgency. There are too many people who may perish in the ovens of fire, and this must not happen. Again I prayed: “Father God, be merciful to us. By the blood of Yeshua, please save them!”

I could not shake the morbid feelings: I felt defenseless and fragile. Towards the evening I called out again: “Father in heaven, today’s burden is too heavy for me to carry. I cannot do it. How will those terrible memories ever leave my mind, for day and night they haunt me.”

But then the Spirit showed me where I was sitting in Father God’s heart; curled up like a young girl, with the white little cloak folded over me like a blanket. Without words. Without questions. All I wanted was the loving presence of my eternal, heavenly Father. This was enough for me.

“Please just hold, Abba Father, please hold me close to your heart. Tomorrow I will again have the courage to complete this assignment,” I pleaded.

The only thing which kept me from giving up was the fact that this was Father’s blueprint for my life. This assignment was destined for me from the beginning of time. “I want to do your will until you take me home, Father. I love You very much,” I whispered.

“I love you dearly, my daughter,” I heard Him say softly before I switched off my computer. His tender voice, and his gentle compassion for his children left me humbled and blessed.

23.           Yeshua  
Wednesday, August 15, 2007

I woke up at midnight, feeling awfully tired, still my whole body started shaking lightly. I moved away a little so as not to disturb my husband. But nothing happened and I fell asleep again.

When it was time to get up, I was still very tired and exhausted in spirit. The need to praise and worship Father God during my quiet time was intense, for I realised how privileged I was to experience such wonderful times, and deep revelations. I declared his greatness and acknowledged Him as almighty God and Father. The Spirit then carried me away into Father’s heart where I was still in worship.

Soft light fell over me from above and I knelt before God with both arms raised. The exquisite cloak of almond blossoms hung down my back. As I looked up into the light, I saw how Father’s heart began to glow. In my spirit I knew this symbolised his incredible love for his children. But I also experienced that He was deeply sad because so many had wandered away from Him.

I could feel his pain, his sorrow because so many of his children were still lost. I was deeply troubled by the realisation that we, God’s children, saddened Him.

I then felt something like soft waves of light wash over me. I found myself in the almond grove, amongst the blossoming trees. Jesus, my Yeshua, was next to me! The angel wasn’t with us. I will never be able to describe the sensation when I realised it was Jesus Himself whom I saw in front of me. He

stood there in a long, white robe. Although I could not see his face clearly, I was aware of the light radiating from his eyes: A light filled with tenderness and love.

When I saw the scars on his white feet, I knew it was Him, for this is also how He revealed Himself to his disciples in Luke 24:39: “Look at my hands and feet. It is I myself.”

I knelt before Him on the grass, tenderly touching and kissing his feet.

“Come, beloved daughter,” He said softly. His voice was so loving and tender that for a moment I wondered whether I had heard correctly. Together we moved slowly through the almond grove until we got to a grassy field. Yeshua placed his arm lightly around my shoulders, but did not talk to me. It was as if words were redundant. Just to be close to Him, was enough. It was a heavenly feeling.

We sat down on a grass covered hill and looked out over a dam with deep blue water; the water was without any movement. Everything was still, peaceful and covered in soft light. Against the green hills across from us, a few sheep grazed peacefully.

“Look, daughter, I have to guard my sheep,” He eventually said.

Psalms 23 says: “The LORD is my shepherd, I shall not be in want. He makes me lie down in green pastures, he leads me beside quiet waters...” We sat next to each other for a long time, looking out over the lush green pastures. I felt the amazing tranquility, and his gentle love covering us like a soft veil. After a while Jesus got up.

“Sit here and rest for a while, dearest child,” He said lovingly.

I stretched out my hand to keep Him from leaving. “Please stay. Please don’t go, my Lord.”

“I must go now, but rest for a while longer. I will come back,” He promised and moved away. My eyes followed Him - the mantle over his robe hung down his back to the ground. Then, almost as if a soft wind moved over me, I was brought back in spirit.

There was a supernatural presence in my room and I kept telling Jesus how much I love Him. I thanked Him for his goodness, and for what He has done for his children.

The Holy Spirit reminded me of a dear friend who belongs to a different religion. I wasn’t sure whether he knew Jesus as his Saviour. I lifted his name unto Jesus, and asked Him to show my friend mercy, so that he will be saved. In spirit, I wrote my friend’s name in the air.

For the rest of the day I felt brittle and fragile. I was deeply touched by Yeshua’s loving presence and his soft, gentle heart. I knew: Even if I live to be a 100 years old, I will never forget that short visit of Yeshua Ha Mashiach, Jesus the Messiah. It made me even more determined to do the will of my Father, for I will be at the wedding of the Lamb.

I will be dressed in a wedding gown, with a bouquet of almond blossoms in my hand. I will walk out to meet the most selfless, loving Bridegroom!

During our fellowship meeting that afternoon, we praised God in song, and the Spirit carried me away to the almond grove. While I was dancing among the blossoming trees, a crowd of angels appeared

and started dancing spontaneously along with me. I noticed the incredible shades of white in their wings: Shiny, pearl-coloured, flowing into each other, just like light reflected in a soap bubble. Some of the angels danced between the trees, others held branches with blossoms in their hands.

I was indescribably happy. I laughed, and twirled and sang in spirit. It was heavenly. When the music at our fellowship meeting stopped, the anointing was broken, and I was brought back. I was in tears, for there was such joy in dancing with the angels!

## 24. Drift-sand

Thursday, August 16, 2007

I woke up at quarter to six on this morning, feeling drained and tired, as if I could sleep for a week. Like I normally do when I cannot sleep, I prayed and spoke to Father God. I realised the month long journeys to all those terrifying places, were taking their toll. My body was exhausted, and my spirit weary. My only desire was to curl up and sleep in Father's heart.

Then heavy anointing enveloped me and I waited without moving. By this time I had realised that this meant that the Spirit would carry me away. Exhaustion washed over me in waves. Suddenly the angel was there next to me in Father's heart.

"We must go," he said urgently.

"I am so very tired," I groaned.

It felt as if I could not move.

"Come," he said with even greater urgency.

I stretched out my hand towards him, and he took it immediately. Without speaking we moved along a pathway, but this time in a different direction. The path was light in colour winding sharply, ascending and descending in many places. There were no dust, or stones. Only the steep uphill and downhill slopes. Without me asking, the angel took my arm. I immediately felt rejuvenated, and the tiredness fell away.

I thought: "I am doing this for you, Father God, only for You. I will do everything You ask of me."

When I looked down, I saw that I was wearing a new mantle in shades of purple, blue and green - like the wings of a dragon-fly. I wondered what it meant, but did not ask. Perhaps I was getting used to the angel not answering my questions.

However, later on I felt sorry I did not ask, because I was keen to know the meaning of the different mantles.

The path came to a dead end in a dark, messy place where there was a huge heap of waste. We

hesitated for a moment. Suddenly Satan in his black garb was in front of us. He spread his large, spiky wings to stop us.

He was formidable in stature. His black eyes, filled with hatred, glared at us. I could feel his icy cruelty. Spontaneously words tumbled from my mouth, and I called out: “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!” Three times I called out the name of Yeshua. The next moment the gigantic Satan toppled over like a ton of bricks, and it seemed as if he melted down into a pool of mud. We glided over him. “Come,” the angel commanded.

I sensed that the angel tried to stop me from giving up, and he encouraged me with even greater urgency to move on. Before us were rocky crevices which ran horizontally into a cave. The cave was cleft-like in shape. Long black and white streams that looked like drift-sand, ran down the crevices. At times the black and white streams intermingled. It looked like sand, but it also wasn’t sand. I was extremely surprised: “Where are we going to?”

The angel did not answer. We followed the course of the streams for a long way until we got to a cave in a sandbank. I could not believe my eyes when I saw what was happening there. To the side sat a witchdoctor, throwing his bones. I recognized one of the voodoo dolls, its face full of needles (Revelations 9:21). Everywhere stood young boys and girls with dyed black hair, heavy black makeup, chains around their hips, and with nose, lip and tongue rings. Scattered on the floor were metal-like monstrous masks. I was shocked and dumbfounded by these objects. In my spirit the reality dawned: These activities must be linked to some or other form of witchcraft. What may seem like innocent games to young people, were potentially deadly games aimed at keeping them in bondage.

The drift-sand that flowed in separate black and white, and then intermingled streams, signified a pattern whereby people gradually got caught and trapped in witchcraft. I felt disgust as I looked around. At first it seemed as if no one had noticed our presence, but then a huge scorpion came out of the black depths of the cave.

It was dark brown, but the sting was black: Lifted, curled and ready to attack. I knew that the monstrous thing had a deadly sting to stop his captives from escaping the claws of the enemy. While I was staring at the deadly scorpion, petrified with fear, a huge foot came from somewhere and pulverised it.

“Come,” the angel said, and pulled me away. We moved back along the black and white streams. It felt like an eternity before we reached the entrance to the cave where the pool of mud lay. There were pieces of sharp claws, and black wingtips in the mud. I was infinitely grateful when we reached the almond grove, and only wanted to sit down on the soft grass to rest. But a surprise was waiting: Amazed, I saw that the blossoms had fallen from the trees and tiny little green almonds were visible. It felt as if I was being spoilt by the discovery of new fruit!

It also struck me that the trees were now covered in lush, fresh green leaves. “There are little almonds on the trees,” I called out joyfully. I again became aware of my purple-coloured cloak, and noticed that the colour was now deeper than before we had entered the cave. I wanted to ask the angel about this, but was taken back into Father’s heart. I had so many questions about the things I had experienced, but the time for the answers and the revelations had not yet come. It would follow later.

Exhaustion had drained me completely. I wanted to crawl into Father God’s heart like a little bird, and wrap myself in the cloak, but I heard his voice: “You must first write it all down, my daughter.” “I am so desperately tired, Father.” I moaned softly.

“That is why you must write down everything immediately, before you forget, little one.” His voice was tender and compassionate. I got up, put on my warm dressing gown and started writing. Day had already dawned when I crawled between the warm sheets. “A thousand times thank you, Holy Spirit. Thank You that You helped to write down these revelations and experiences. Without your help, I could never have done it. I am so grateful,” I whispered while I turned on my side, waiting for sleep to come.

25. The burden on my heart  
Thursday, August 16, 2007

Later that morning, during my quiet time, I burst into tears. I wept for the children of this world who have to grow up in a turbulent age. Children blinded by trends inspired by Satan. Plus all the other methods he uses to open doors through which his demons can enter their lives.

I cried before God about my grandchildren who had to grown up amidst all the worldly temptations, and pleaded the blood of Jesus over those who had to endure such horrendous abuse in this world.

I knew that this was definitely not what Father God had in mind when He created Adam and Eve. God wanted a people who would rule the earth, but who would give him joy. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God, he created him; male and female, he created them." (Genesis 1:27). "For every good and perfect gift is from above..." (James 1:17).

I felt the strange sensation I always did when the Spirit carried me away. Suddenly I was in the green pastures, overlooking the dam with the tranquil, crystal clear water. Happiness welled up inside me like a fountain of joy when I saw my beloved Yeshua sitting next to me. He put his arms around my shoulders and I rested my head against his chest.

"I love you my sister Hephzibah," He said softly.

"You called me Hephzibah, Father!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, for this is your new name: Hephzibah Maritz."

I sighed with inner happiness and content, for it sounded good, and reminded me of Isaiah 62: 2-3: "...you will be called by a new name that the mouth of the LORD will bestow. You will be a crown of splendour in the LORD's hand, a royal diadem in the hand of your God."

Revelations 2:17 promises: "To him who overcomes I will give some of the hidden manna. I will also give him a white stone with a new name written on it, known only to him who receives it." The Amplified Bible says: "You shall be called Hephzibah. (My delight is in her)." (Isaiah 62:4).

We sat in silence for a long time, overlooking the still water of the dam in the valley.

"There are so many sick people, Yeshua," I eventually remarked.

"Yes, Hephzibah-little one. I endured the lashings and wounds at the cross so that there can be healing for the sick. They must bring their illnesses to the foot of the cross," He softly answered.

"I feel such pity for people who suffer, Lord," I said again.

Yeshua later remarked: "My dearest Hephzibah, from now on you will carry the burden of sick people on your heart, just like I do, for we are one. In Me, we are one, Hephzibah, one in spirit.

Jesus suddenly stood up.

"Please stay a while longer, Lord," I pleaded. I wanted Him to tell me more.

"While you are busy with your daily chores, and not thinking about me, I think of you every second. I never forget you, beloved little one," He said softly.

"Thank you, dearest Yeshua," I answered.

I was tearful for the rest of the day, but had to attend to many daily chores. But occasionally I stopped and his promises.

26. The cross on my back  
Thursday, August 16, 2007

Later that day, I went to the gym. While I was on the treadmill, walking with eyes closed, I started praying. I was carried away to the pool of water in the green grass where Jesus and I sat one morning. He was there. I saw his feet immediately - the scars from the nails were swollen, and clearly visible.

My heart bled for Yeshua when I remembered how terribly He suffered on the cross for us. I felt his hand on my head and looked up. The scars on his hands were swollen. I felt such sorrow, and wanted to touch them, but He helped me up and folded his arm protectively around my shoulders. His loving voice said: "Hephzibah, I can see that you are very tired, my daughter."

"Please don't leave yet, please, my Lord, I want to be with you," I asked, expecting Him to leave. Yeshua lifted his hand. Out of the palm flew the most beautiful little bird. The colours were like those of a dew drop in the sun. I never dreamt that birds with such exquisite colours existed! I was in awe.

Jesus then showed me the white sheep grazing in the green pasture against the opposite bank. Some of them were lying down, resting. We lay down flat on our backs on the grass and looked up at the open, clear sky above us. The grass did not feel like grass, and it was soft and cool. The colours of the sky were indescribable. There was no sun, only light which fell softly over everything.

I sensed that Jesus wanted to encourage me. That is why He showed me the beautiful bird that flew out of his hand. The angel arrived, and stood next to me.

Jesus stood up: "I must go, but my angel will remain with you." I wanted to keep Him from going, but something stopped me. How considerate of Yeshua, I thought. He wanted to make sure that I did not feel alone when He left.

The angel and I watched Jesus moving away. When He was some distance from us, I noticed a long white shepherd's staff in his right hand. Where did this suddenly come from? He did not have it with Him when He was with me, I mused, but said nothing.

I also saw the heavy wooden cross He carried on his shoulders. He bent forward under the weight of the cross.

"That is the burden He carries for the lost," the angel said and touched something behind my back. I looked around, and was astonished to see a wooden cross on my back.

The cross was dark against the purple of my cloak.

"From now on, just like Yeshua, you will also carry the burden for the lost on your heart," the angel said.

At that moment the Holy Spirit opened my mind, and I understood the significance of the purple cloak: I had seen the terrors of hell, and from now on I would also feel the burden for the lost. I understood that this is why I had to see all that had been revealed to me, and had to write everything down. Like a curtain drawn back, the truth dawned on me. The Word clearly says: "And anyone who does not carry his cross and follow me cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14:27).

“Do not be afraid, I will never leave you again,” the angel said softly. He always spoke softly to me, just like Jesus. Father God’s voice was soft, too. We sat together quietly for a long time. I felt incredibly peaceful - it was an inner peace which words cannot describe. I wanted to remain there and relish the tranquility and peace.

Later, whilst I meditated on everything, the picture of Jesus bent forward underneath the weight of the cross stayed with me. It was etched in memory. I was in tears as I drove home. The burden of the cross lay on my heart, and I again realised: Jesus carried the cross for the salvation of all mankind. And He still carries our burdens when He intercedes for us with Father God. His precious blood cancelled the written records of our sin forever. And it was time for me to become instrumental in his plan for the world. I would write down everything, and make known what Father God had shown me.

I could now witness to the fact that Satan was a reality. That he was without mercy and without conscience. That he takes satanic pleasure in ensnaring people in his power, seducing them with lies, and blinding them to a lifetime of torture.

I want to emphasize again: It is not in God’s heart that any one person must be doomed to an eternity without Him. 2 Peter 3:9: “The Lord is not slow in keeping his promise, as some understand slowness. He is patient with you, not wanting anyone to perish, but everyone to come to repentance.”

The eternal fire-ovens of hell were prepared for the devil and his angels, as Judas v. 6 explains: “And the angels who did not keep their positions of authority but abandoned their own home - these he has kept in darkness, bound with everlasting chains for the judgment on the Great Day.”

Never before had I been so convinced of the mighty power locked up in the wonderful Name of Jesus. Just by hearing his Name, Satan and his host of demons scattered like rats. We can rejoice in this, for the blood of Jesus is our victory. This is what I must tell my brothers and sisters in the Lord. Satan must be exposed once and for all in a language that the average person would understand.

27. The ice bear  
Friday, August 17, 2007

Just after three in the morning, I woke up and started praying softly. Almost immediately I was taken to Father’s heart. I saw myself standing with the wooden cross behind my back. It was not loose, like a cloak, but it was attached to my skin. When I bent forward, so did the cross. The crossbar stretched horizontally from my left arm, over my back and over my right arm. The vertical part stretched from my neck down my back. It was a peculiar picture, but I sensed that the cross had become part of my body. It is difficult to explain, but easy to understand. When we become one with Jesus, the cross becomes part of your life.

A new meaning had also opened. It was as if the Holy Spirit wanted me to understand that the cross is not something you can simply lay down when you choose to. When you become one with Jesus, the cross also becomes part of your life in Him.

The cross was light, and it felt as if someone was carrying it. I remembered Matthew 11:30: “For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.”



Suddenly the angel appeared next to me. The awful fatigue of the previous day had disappeared.

“Come,” he whispered. We moved together, but separately. I felt a deep calm and peacefulness. Around us were green fields. Next to the pathway were delicate flowers with incredible colours. It seemed as if the colours flowed into each other.

Nothing in this wonderful place was hard, sharp or cold. Even the light was always soft.

We crossed a little wooden bridge and followed a winding white pathway over the hills. Eventually we crossed a hill and saw the pathway winding down to where it ended at the sea. I started feeling uneasy, different to when we had left Father God’s heart. We looked down into a dark whirlpool. The area surrounding the whirlpool consisted of age-old rocks, battered and eroded by the sea and time. It seemed as if annual rings marked the younger rocks. The water was dark, almost black, and churned in the deep hole.

The angel took me by the hand as we had to go down. Deep down in the whirlpool, we ended up in a black cave. We stayed here for a long time, and remained watchful.

“What are we waiting for?” I asked.

“For the incoming tide,” was his strange reply.

The dark water moved in and out over the black stones. Everything was morbid, cold and creepy.

The angel suddenly moved. We crossed a rough beach area with many sharp rocks, and went through an underground crevice into a big, pitch dark cave. It was so dark that we could not see even the tiniest spark of light, but still we moved on.

When we got to the opening of the cave, there was something which looked like a hollowed out iceberg. The ice cave was lined with ice crystals and large, ragged lumps of ice. I was utterly surprised by this, for it was the last thing I had expected! We moved into the tunnel of ice and waited there for another long time. I sensed the angel’s uneasiness in his movements, and I started feeling anxious.

Then a huge white bear, similar to a large, clumsy ice bear, came staggering towards us. Its hair was long and white, and the head covered in horns. Smoke billowed from its nostrils. Its paws were huge. Open-jawed, it came threateningly towards us.

In Revelations 13:11 we read: “Then I saw another beast coming from the earth. He had two horns like a lamb. But he spoke like a dragon. He exercised all the authority of the first beast on his behalf, and made the earth and its inhabitants worship the first beast, whose fatal wound had been healed.” Whether it was me, or Someone greater than I who did it on my behalf, I do not know, but a hand plucked the cross from my back, and used it like a sword. The vertical part of the cross pointed outwards, like the point of a sword. The sword was shoved into the bear’s mouth. I heard a voice say: “Only the cross, only the cross, only the cross.”

Revelations 12:11 says something similar: “They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb...”

The massive bear began to melt before our eyes, until only a trickle of water ran down the ice tunnel. I was stunned by what I had seen. The angel took my hand: “Come we must go back.” We returned quickly through the ice tunnel, and the black cave. Soon we were back in the almond grove. The trees were covered in green foliage and tiny little almonds.

“Haven’t we seen this terrible monster thing before?” I asked perturbed.

“This one represents the false prophet. They are both very dangerous, and freely move among the people, deceiving and tricking them. In both cases, it is Satan pretending to be like an angel of light.

Remember your assignment to write everything down.”

“Lord, but how will people recognise Satan if he hides behind a mask: How will they know who he really is?”

“Only by knowing the light of the true Word, my daughter.”

Revelations 20:10: “And the devil, who deceived them, was thrown into the lake of burning sulphur, where the beast and the false prophet had been thrown. They will be tormented day and night for ever and ever.”

This revelation really made me feel terribly uneasy.

Sometimes when I returned from a journey, I was worried that I would not remember everything I had experienced. But Father God’s faithful guidance never failed. I praised him for every revelation: “Thank you, Father that I could commit today’s experience to paper. Without your help it would have been impossible.”

“I will never leave, nor forsake you, Hephzibah-daughter. Trust in me, for I have promised,” I heard his soft assurance in my spirit.

Frank woke up and made us tea. I wrote down everything while he lay reading. Later, just after we had turned out the light, I saw a large angel standing at the window. It seemed as if the angel was on guard. Then I saw a number of heavenly beings cleansing the room. Some had small paintbrushes and were cleaning parts of the ceiling. One of them held a little bucket wherein they collected everything. I looked at them in amazement.

This was the second time I saw the heavenly beings cleansing our room. While they were busy, I suddenly received a revelation of a wonderful Father figure which reminded me of the image I have of our patriarch, Father Abraham. The figure wore a long, embroidered white robe. I could not see a face, only the long robe and his hands. In his arms was a baby, covered in linen cloth. The Father figure put a white, beautifully shaped hand on the baby’s forehead and said three times: “Hephzibah, Hephzibah, Hephzibah. You are still a baby in spirit. Remember that your name is now Hephzibah.” Tenderness and love flowed from this Person.

Overcome, I whispered: “I am sorry that I must ask, dearest Father God, but please confirm this again. Sometimes I am so scared that the things I hear and see are only the fruit of my imagination. And that must never be.”

I had hoped that God would show me something in his Word the next day, but again his generosity amazed me. While I was still thinking about the wonderful vision of the Father figure consecrating me, the Spirit carried me away.

I was in the green meadow where Yeshua, the angel and I had often been before. But the small river I saw was new. I had never before seen such clear water, soft and blue-white. I saw little white stones on

both sides of the river.

“This is the river of living water,” I heard Yeshua’s voice next to me. This is the water we read about in Revelations 7:17: “For the Lamb at the centre of the throne will be their shepherd; he will lead them to springs of living water. And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes.”

Jesus took my hand and led me to the water. I was dressed in a white linen dress, and Jesus wore a white robe. At first He said nothing, and only stood next to me in the water. Then He put his arms around my shoulders and asked in a clear, powerful voice: “Hephzibah, do you believe...?” Before He could finish I answered loudly: “Yes, Lord.”

He lowered me into the water backwards, supporting me until I was completely covered. When I came up from under the water, Jesus had already left. “... and this water symbolises baptism that saves you also - not the removal of dirt from the body but the pledge of a good conscience towards God. It saves you by the resurrection of Jesus Christ...” (1 Peter 3:21).

In John 3: 3-5 Jesus also refers to this when He says: “I tell you the truth, no one can see the kingdom of God unless he is born again. “How can a man be born when he is old?” Nicodemus asked. “Surely he cannot enter a second time into his mother’s womb to be born!” Jesus answered, “I tell you the truth, no one can enter the kingdom of God unless he is born of water and the Spirit. Flesh gives birth to the flesh, but the Spirit gives birth to the spirit.”

Overwhelmed and humbled by what had happened, I whispered: “Hallelujah! Hallelujah! You are almighty God, Father in heaven.”

Later, when we were having breakfast, I said to Frank: “From today onwards my name is Hephzibah Maritz. I was consecrated by Father God last night, and Yeshua baptised me.”

Frank was speechless. I wished I could tell him more, but I knew I should only share my new name with him. In my spirit the words of Revelations 21:5 repeated over and over: “I am making everything new!” The old had passed away.

This beautiful gift, the new beginning, had to be treasured in my heart like a precious pearl. The heavy-heartedness of the past weeks, washed away. New life flowed into me. I was filled by the Holy Spirit of God, baptised by Yeshua, the Lamb of God, in the river of life.

This morning I could ask Father God anew: “Almighty God and Father, I desire a humble heart: The humility of the Lamb of God. I ask this of you, Father, not only for today, but forever. I praise and glorify you Lord, and I thank You in advance. How great You are! Holy is your Name! I honour You as eternal God and Father.”

28: The golden city  
Saturday, August 18, 2007

I woke up at the break of dawn. It was a blessed time, for I could worship God for being such a wonderful Father. I told Him how happy and content I was in his heart. I praised and thanked Yeshua, my Ha Maschiach, for He died for all mankind on the cross so that we can be saved from our sins.

Again I thanked him for Colossians 2:14: “He forgave us all our sins, having cancelled the written code, with its regulations, that was against us and that stood opposed to us; he took it away, nailing it to the cross.” I honoured him because He died in my place and freed me from eternal shame and condemnation. I thanked the Holy Spirit for his teaching and guidance and help. I confessed that I had wronged my children and grandchildren in the past. That in my brokenness and defenselessness I may have hurt them during the course of their upbringing.

During my quiet time I softly cried before God because my faith was so little. “What must I do with your book, Father? Who will publish it? Please tell me what to do, please Lord.”

The Spirit of God took me away immediately and I could see my beloved Yeshua sitting on a white horse on the top of a lush green hill. The horse neighed and pawed with its hooves in the golden dust. The young Son of our King sat princely and upright, clothed in brilliant white and royal blue. Glory and majesty surrounded Him.

I looked in awe at the splendour of the sight in front of me. My feet became like those of a deer and I danced and skipped around the horse and its Godly rider. I wore a dress of delicate white chiffon, and in my hand was a veil of the same fabric which I waved above me. I danced until the Spirit lifted me and carried me into Father God's heart. I knelt before God and asked again: "What must I do with your book, Father?"

I clearly heard his voice in my spirit: "My beloved little one, one step at a time in faith. I will show you the way Myself."

"Thank you so much, Daddy," I answered, content with his answer.

When I later read my Bible, Father God led me to Micah 7:7: "But as for me, I watch in hope for the LORD, I wait for God my Saviour; my God will hear me."

Shortly after this the Spirit took me to the garden where I sat next to Yeshua on the grass. We looked out over the same dam where we had been before. My head rested against his shoulder. I heard Him sigh softly: "There are so many broken people on earth, so many broken marriages, and so many children suffering violence and illness, my sister. But by my wounds they are healed, and they do not know this."

"We must build bridges and cross over to them, Master," I mused softly.

"You can be a bridge, my child," he answered.

"Me, Lord? How?" I asked hesitantly.

"I will show you Hephzibah. I will teach you when the appointed time comes. Trust in me."

He stood up suddenly.

"Please don't go," I tried to stop him.

"Remain in my rest. We will talk about this again, little one.

I stood up. My heart called out to him, the Darling of the heavens.

"I would also like you to stay longer, my beloved sister, but I have to go now," He said softly.

I felt frustrated and discontented when the Spirit brought me back. I so much wanted to stay with Him for a while longer.

Later that same morning, while we were at an Esther-conference and busy with praise and worship, the Spirit again carried me away. Yeshua and I stood on the same hill as earlier that morning. He took my hand and we moved along the winding path before us. A while later He took my arm, and we moved on in silence. Words were not necessary. Yeshua's quiet, wonderful presence was enough: Filled with peace. I felt so happy, and there was nothing else I wanted more than just being in his presence.

We moved over quite a long distance until we got to a hill, and descended to an incredibly blue sea. We walked over the pure white sand, which did not feel like sand underneath my feet at all. When Jesus' feet touched the sea, the water opened, and made a way for us. The water both sides of the path was quiet and transparent blue. I felt so peaceful with him as we moved over the path in the sea.

On the other side was a mountain. Not very high, but higher than a hill. We followed the path which curved around the mountain in a half circle and then followed a wider path down the mountain. To the

left of the path were about a thousand women, all dressed in black, and wearing head scarves. Their white outstretched hands tried to touch Jesus, as they jostled together to reach Him. There was pain and anguish on their tear-streaked faces. My heart reached out to them, and I was in tears, too.

“Yeshua, look at my sisters, bound together in hopelessness. We must free them from this jail of sorrow, please,” I begged him. I could sense his pain, but He did not answer me.

We walked on until we got to a wooden cross lying lengthways in the pathway in front of us. We moved over the cross from the bottom end upwards to the crossbar. At the crossbar a white cloud surrounded us and then covered us completely.

Was this the presence of Father God we read about so often in the Word? I wondered. 2 Chronicles 5: 13-14 describes: “Then the temple of the LORD was filled with a cloud, ... for the glory of the LORD filled the temple of God. 1 Kings 8: 10-11 also refers to God’s presence in the cloud: “When the priests withdrew from the Holy Place, the cloud filled the temple of the LORD. And the priests could not perform their service because of the cloud, for the glory of the LORD filled the temple.”

I looked up and stopped in awe: The most beautiful vision I could ever dream of, rose up in front of me: A single mountain in a radiance of light, gold and glory. There were no buildings or other mountains. Just this one single mountain. And on the mountain something which looked like a golden palace. Awesome! The golden palace shone with such brilliance in the light that one could hardly look at it. Mere words fail to describe the wonder and glory of this palace of gold.

“Unfortunately I must go back immediately,” Jesus said, much to my disappointment.

“Oh no, Yeshua, please don’t go yet. Please stay,” I pleaded.

“I will come back here, little one.”

I was awestruck. I wanted to look at the palace from close by. Did it have something to do with what John 21:12 describes?: “I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride beautifully dressed for her husband.”

Back in the almond grove I noticed that the little almonds had grown a little bigger than when I had last seen them.

That afternoon at the Esther -conference, while we sat quietly before God, opening our hearts to him, the Spirit fetched me and took me right up to the incredible, glorious golden palace. Jesus was with me. He stood next to me like royalty. His clothes were brilliant white. I was dressed in a breathtaking, long white bridal gown. The veiled opened up like a fan behind me. I held a small branch with green leaves and little almonds. Two huge glass doors opened silently, and we entered the gateway to the palace which was surrounded by a golden sheen, as if light radiated from it.

It is hard to describe the palace in words. There were high panels that towered above us in the light. Slowly and stately we moved through the doors into the outer court where we stood for a while. I waited, and looked around me, peering down the golden dome-shaped passages that opened in front of me. Later I asked curiously: “Why are we here alone? Where are the angels? Is anyone else present, Master?”

Jesus did not answer me.

“Must we wait here, Lord?” I tried again.

“Yes, we must first wait, daughter,” He answered.

Then I was brought back by the Spirit. What did God want to tell me? That the Bridegroom is ready to take his bride into the New Jerusalem, but He is forced to wait in the city gate?

After these events it was very difficult to concentrate on the speaker in the conference hall.

My thoughts kept forcing back to the picture which was captured in my heart and mind like a precious jewel. "Father God, I do not deserve such privilege," I whispered through my tears.

In the meantime the conference had progressed. Women with pain and hurt came forward and confessed before God. Sick women were prayed for. The pain and sorrow of these broken women touched me deeply, and I knelt before God.

Later, after we had been crowned symbolically like Esther in the Old Testament, and felt like true queens, we knelt in front of Father and expressed our needs and desires. "Father God, I ask for healing for my sisters," I pleaded.

The leader's voice stopped me in my tracks when she said: "When you ask the King of kings for something, you cannot ask for anything better than to experience more of Him. Ask this, more than anything else, far more than his kingdom."

I stood guilty before Father because I was concerned about bringing people into the kingdom, rather than first seeking more of Him in my life.

"How could I not put you first, my glorious, wonderful Father and eternal King? Lord, do you know how much I love you?"

I took the little crown from my head and put it down between the white lilies I had picked for the King of kings and put in his heart. The lilies lay on a soft bed of moss beside a stream of water.

"I am your Esther, and your Hephzibah, my King. And I desire nothing more than the heart of a servant. I therefore lay down my crown at your feet, for I want to crown You with a thousand crowns. In exchange I ask only for an obedient and humble heart. Crown me with such a heart, my King. This is my greatest desire. I love you so much, Father God."

"I love you too, my dearest one," He answered lovingly.

I knelt at his feet; the stones in my little crown were dull against the white of the lilies.

On our way home after the conference, I felt how the love of Father tenderly soothed my heart: This was my most precious gift. Its value far above those of corals.

"You are the God of perfect peace, my Lord and King. I honour you for there is no one greater than you. All the glory and honour belong to You, and You alone. Your Name is holy and high above everything else."

At that moment the Holy Spirit reminded me of an event which took place during the closing song of the conference: I had heard incredibly beautiful sounds come from my mouth. I knew I did not have the ability to sing those high notes, or even remotely match the perfect pitch. Then I made the awesome discovery: My companion angel was singing with me! I was only the instrument through which the angel song flowed. The melody sounded heavenly; it was pure like the glow of the golden palace.

I listened to the angel's song with reverence and awe, while I barely sang a note!

How do you tell someone about something like this if they haven't experienced it in the spirit? I wondered. How do you witness to the fact that an angel sang through you when people do not understand the working of the Holy Spirit? Was it necessary for me to explain this? I asked myself. People may believe me, or reject what I tell them if they do not know, nor understand the Holy Spirit, Ruach Ha Kodesh.

1 Corinthians 2:14 says: "The man without the Spirit does not accept the things that come from the Spirit of God for they are foolishness to him and he cannot understand them, because they are spiritually discerned." One can understand these things only in the spirit: One with God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit.

I do not have to explain or justify the supernatural for that is the work of the Holy Spirit: Only the Spirit makes it possible for those who desire spiritual discernment with their whole heart, soul and spirit. People who want an intimate relationship with God, those who search for it, and do not stop searching until they find it. Romans 6:5 promises: "If we have been united with him like this in his death, we will certainly also be united with him in his resurrection." This is only made possible through God's amazing grace; our own deeds can never accomplish our salvation.

**SECRETS  
OF HELL  
REVEALED**



**Part Two**  
**Revelations from heaven**

1. The throne-room of Father God  
Monday, August 20, 2007

At about ten that morning, I was having my quiet time with God. Frank had left for a doctor's appointment. I was praying aloud in my heavenly language, praising God as our almighty Creator. I thanked Him for the wonderful weekend that I had whilst spending time in worship with a few other godly women. I was profoundly touched by the pain experienced by some of my sisters, and it was heart-breaking to hear their bitter cries during repentance.

I have also realised that this is truly the body of Christ. This is how we show care and love for our fellow travellers, this is how we carry the weak and needy in prayer; this is where we cry and laugh together.

While kneeling before Father God, I asked aloud: "Dearest Abba Father, please baptise me with obedience and humility. Baptise me to remain dependent on You like a child."

I heard the following words in my spirit: "This is a new book." I did not understand this, but it did not make me feel uneasy.

God's Spirit then took me to where I was standing with Yeshua in the entrance hall of the palace. We slowly moved away from the golden gate in the direction of an arched passage in front of us. I shaded my eyes with my hand to protect them from the brightness. Whilst we were moving down the passage, I realised that the walls were not solid walls of gold, but rows and rows of angels. With their wings stretched out, they stood close to each other on either side of the passage. Their wing tips touched above their heads, forming a perfect arch. It was an incredible sight and the wealth of colour was magnificent.

How wonderful to walk together with Jesus through the angel arch! I was speechless. The passage ran in a half circle. We moved slowly until we got to the entrance of a massive hall. Everything was in the purest gold...the walls, the ceiling, even the sliding door. In complete wonder I looked around me. The question which came to mind was: Is this possible? For I had realised that we were in the throne-room of God indeed. The glory that I witnessed was far greater than I could ever have imagined. No attempt to describe it, can do the royal splendour justice, for this glory is a Godly glory, and not man-made. This is the glory of the King of all kings.

On the far side of the hall was the royal throne. Around the throne was a rainbow in exquisite colours, flowing softly into each other. Revelations 4:3 describes: "A rainbow resembling an emerald, encircled the throne." Next to the throne was a single row of angels, bowing down with their wings stretched out in front of them.

Although the throne itself was covered by a silvery white cloud, I felt an incredible presence.

I fell down on my face in worship. Next to me Yeshua bowed down and we remained in worship. While I was lying on my face it was as if my vision had become clearer. I saw the glass floor, and then

the glow underneath it. From above I saw masses of beautiful flowers. The colours took my breath away. Revelations 4:6: “Also in front and behind the throne there was what looked like a sea of glass, clear as crystal.” Then an invisible power pulled me upright. Someone held out a golden sceptre. I can not really describe this in words, for there was once again an awesome Presence, but no clear image of a Person. Outside I clearly heard the sound of a dove.

“Hephzibah, you have been called for a very special assignment,” I heard Father God say.

“What can I do, dearest Father?” I asked in awe.

“Today you will receive a special mantle ,” He said.

My hands then raised as if they were being lifted, and started glowing from my fingertips to my elbows.

“The meaning of the mantle, and the purpose thereof will be revealed to you when the time is right. Today you will only receive it, my daughter,” He said.

Two angels came up to me and hung a cloak around my shoulders. Its rainbow colours sparkled like dewdrops. I stood speechless, savouring this precious moment.

## 2. The staff

Monday, August 20, 2007

Yeshua took me lightly by the arm. Together we moved over the glass floor with the astounding colours shining underneath it. We moved back through the angel arch into the entrance hall. There we waited for a while before we moved on.

Yeshua put a rod covered with fully formed almonds in my hand. “My daughter, this rod is yours. You will need it, for it is a strong weapon.”

Before I could say anything, Jesus left. I looked at the almond rod and wondered whether it was similar to what was described in Numbers 17:8: “The next day Moses entered the Tent of the Testimony and saw that Aaron’s staff, which represented the house of Levi, had not only sprouted but had budded, blossomed and produced almonds.” Or like the rod in Psalm 23:4: “Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.”

The glass doors opened silently and the angel stood waiting for me. In front of us was a wide, open road which took us back to the almond grove.

“You must write down everything immediately,” the angel said again. Before I could answer, the Spirit brought me back.

Dear reader, this was my very first visit to the throne-room of God. I became deeply aware of the godly discipline and order that exist in the heavenly sphere. The impact of the events was so powerful,

that I fell forward and started crying. It was all too much.

“This is a huge assignment, Father God, and I will never be able to do it alone.” I was overwhelmed and trembled with the immensity of it all. “Please, Holy Spirit, I beg of you, show me what to do,” I begged.

Then I heard the soft voice saying: “Get up my daughter. Do not be afraid. You will never be alone.”

I fell down on the floor before God, pulled the prayer shawl over my head and wept while I prayed: “Almighty God and Father, I honour You. Father, please hold me in your heart, and never let me go.” Later I just sat before God, and whispered, “Yes, Father, I will do everything you ask of me, but promise me that You will show me how to do your will. Please teach me everything I need to know, Holy Spirit of God.”

How could I have experienced his almighty presence, see his throne and remained standing? How is it possible? But even though I did not understand everything about the assignment, I knew in my spirit that it will bring healing to people. The rod carried the invisible name of God, and his power; similar to that which is described in Exodus 14:15-16: “The Lord said to Moses, “Why are you crying out to me? Tell the Israelites to move on. Raise your staff and stretch out your staff over the sea to divide the water so that the Israelites can go through on dry ground.”

### 3. The pearl

Monday, August 20, 2007

The Spirit carried me away again into Father God’s heart where I knelt before Him. I held the almond rod in my hand. “I love you so much, Father,” I called out to Him. I held my hands out in front of me and something which looked like a snow-white stone was put in them. I was astonished when I saw that the stone was actually a beautiful, shining pearl. It was so perfect, I could only stare at it in amazement. Suddenly it began to glow and took on the colours of the rainbow. I closed my hands around the pearl, and held it to my chest.

Matthew 13: 45-46 says: “Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant looking for fine pearls. When he found one of great value, he went away and sold everything he had and bought it.”

“Thank you, Father, I am so grateful for this valuable gift. I do not have the words to tell you how precious this jewel is to me. And it is so very, very beautiful. Thank you so much,” I whispered in tears.

“Go in peace, daughter,” I heard Him say softly.

I was brought back in spirit and sat quietly for a while before I got ready to go to town.

The rest of the day was almost dream-like, and I constantly felt close to tears. I kept on wondering: Am I going off my mind? Is it possible that something like this can happen to me? Am I imagining all this?

Surely no one is allowed to go into God's throne-room, witness his glory and survive! I felt tremendous urgency for confirmation of what had happened this morning. "People will accuse you that these are flights of imagination," I thought. I asked God for confirmation.

When I met with a few friends later, I did not tell them anything about my experience. It was too precious to even talk about. I wanted to keep it to myself. The impact of what had happened, only really hit me that evening while I was retyping my notes.

I realised again that if I did not write down everything like I did that morning, I could easily forget smaller detail. I have learnt that it was impossible for me to remember all the detail over a period of time; therefore the angel asked me time and time again to write down everything immediately.

#### 4. Teaching by the Holy Spirit Tuesday, August 21, 2007

I lay awake that night, distinctly aware of the presence of the Holy Spirit while I prayed and praised God. I turned on my side and looked in the direction of the bedroom window. Through the working of the Holy Spirit, my eyes were suddenly opened, and I saw something I had never seen before during the sixteen years we have been living in this house. The light fell through the flimsy lace curtains. The Spirit showed me that the wooden panel of the window frame formed a perfect wooden cross! How many nights during the past years have I not lain awake, looking at this very window, and I had never noticed it until now!

I heard God's words of the previous evening in my spirit again: "This is a new story."

Led by the Spirit, I clearly saw the rod with the almonds. I heard a voice instructing me when and how I should use it. I understood that this information was only for me, and not meant for the book. In my spirit I heard the voice of the Holy Spirit: "Get up, and anoint the computers you use to write this book." I wondered why I had to do this, but I obeyed.

While I was standing at the computer, I prayed to Father God to remove all the information from its memory that I may have written in the flesh, and that only his message will remain. I wanted none of my own perceptions to be present in what God has deposited in me by his Holy Spirit.

Dear reader, I now know how finely tuned our ears must be to hear the prompting of the Spirit when we want to act in obedience. But Abba Father is faithful. He will never fail us. He is so good to us.

#### 5. The promise of fulfilment Tuesday, August 21, 2007

At about quarter past three that afternoon, I felt the need to come before God. I began talking to Him. I symbolically placed the content of the book in Father God's hands. "This is your book, Father. You can decide about the format, the cover, the title and the publisher. Thank you for the privilege of writing this book for you."

The Holy Spirit carried me away to the little hill where Yeshua was waiting for me. Happy to be with my beloved Jesus again, I rested my head against his shoulder as I had done before. He put his head against mine. In his hand was his shepherd's staff. He stared over the grassy plains where the sheep were grazing.

We both looked at the exquisite pearl that Father God had given me; I was still holding it tightly in my right hand. In my left hand was the almond staff covered in green leaves and perfectly rounded almonds. This reminded me of Jeremiah 1: 11-12 when the Lord asked him: "What do you see, Jeremiah?"

"I see the branch of an almond tree," I replied.

The LORD said to me, "You have seen correctly, for I am watching to see that my word is fulfilled." Jesus stood up and took my hand. "Come," he said tenderly.

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## 6. The cleansing process

Tuesday, August 21, 2007

I felt a little down-hearted, for I realised that the journeys with Yeshua and the angel would probably come to an end when the book is finished.

Yeshua and I went to a dam with crystal clear water. We walked into the dam until his shepherd's staff and my almond rod were completely under the water. We looked at each other underneath the water, and I could breathe normally. When we got to the other side, we moved on, with water dripping off us. When we got to the almond grove, the angel was there too. He was quiet, as usual, and did not talk.

Yeshua said tenderly: "Hephzibah, I must go now, but we will meet again later. This journey is almost finished, but I am going to take you on a new journey. You must now complete this part of the book."

"Please don't leave, my Lord, please," I pleaded.

"Do not be so unhappy, little one, I will visit you again, and take you on a new journey," Jesus promised.

My eyes followed Yeshua and the angel longingly until they disappeared between the almond trees. I turned around slowly, and immediately found myself in Father God's heart.

"I will miss these journeys terribly, Father," I said sadly.

"You can stay on in my heart, Hephzibah-daughter. At the right time we will go on new journeys. This was not the last."

"Then I accept this, beloved Father."

In front of me a fire started burning. I looked at the beautiful orange play of colours with my hands

stretched out to keep them warm. “I don’t want to leave you, Father God,” I said.

“This special place in my heart is meant only for you, Hephzibah.”

The Spirit then brought me back.

I sat deep in thought for a long time. These incredible journeys had a powerful effect on me. Journeys where I got to know Father God intimately and learnt about his love for his children. And, most importantly: Journeys that I did not want to end! For the first time I could see deep into the Father heart, and learn how to trust Him with my whole heart, soul and mind. During these journeys I learnt to love Yeshua even more, and to put my life in his hands. I learnt how much He cares for his precious children, and what immense power there is in the Name of Jesus: This is the Name above all other names, and Satan melts like wax at the sound of it!

God has exposed Satan in all his dark glory, and I realised that he was nothing more than a rat: That he seduced and mislead God’s children with deceit and lies, just to one day drag them into pools of fire: An eternal, cruel end.

I learnt that every day I had to go before Father God in childlike dependency, and that I had to be guided and taught by the Holy Spirit from moment to moment. I could never complete the assignment for which He called me in my own power.

## 7. The sea of glass

Wednesday, August 22, 2007

From the moment I woke up, I was very emotional. I also felt disoriented. My psyche was in turmoil because I had experienced so many journeys in such a short time. I was forgetful and tears lingered just below the surface.

Later, as I stared at my open Bible, trying to concentrate, the Spirit took me away - right into Jesus’ arms. I leaned against his chest and cried. His arms folded protectively around me. He kissed me softly, the way one would hush a little child.

“Come, I have fetched you to show you something that will make you happy, Hephzibah-child,” He said tenderly.

I looked up at Him: “What, Yeshua?”

He put his arm around my shoulders and led me over a grassy field and a little hill to an open beach which stretched from horizon to horizon. The water was like a mirror. Jesus took me by the hand and together we effortlessly walked on the water. Astounded, I looked down and realised that we were walking on a sea of glass. The colours of the glass surface varied from purple to blue to turquoise, similar to those in a dragon-fly’s wings against the light: Indescribably beautiful.

From the other side of the sea, shone a brilliant golden light. We moved in the direction of the source of the light. I held the almond rod with both hands in front of me.

Two very large angels, with incredibly wide wings, also in shades of purple, blue and turquoise, met us halfway. They brought something which looked like an open carriage to us. We were lifted into the

carriage and then moved on. The horizon was filled with soft light. We moved in the direction of the light source, and then left the carriage. In front of us was an entrance, something like a city gate. There were sliding doors that looked like thin glass membranes.

The doors opened silently, and we moved to a window where we could look out. In front of me was an incredible sight. The design was less spectacular than the palace and the throne-room of God, but its simplicity was distinctive. The bright golden light that we saw from the other side of the glass lake, emanated from this beautiful place.

Stunned by what I saw, I tried to absorb the picture: A glorious, radiant, golden city lay in front of me. It was surrounded by white walls, and nothing else but the spectacular city was visible. Was this what John describes in Revelations 21:12: “It had a great high wall with twelve gates.” And verse 21: “The twelve gates were twelve pearls, each gate made of a single pearl. The great street of the city was of pure gold, like transparent glass.”

“Is this the new Jerusalem, Lord?” I stammered hesitantly.

“Yes, it is, but I am only showing it to you through this membrane-like window to spoil you, little one. You seemed so unhappy,” Jesus answered.

“I am so scared, Yeshua. I am afraid I cannot handle this book alone,” I said anxiously.

“I gave you the almond rod, dear child. The staff is my Word; therein you will find strength and courage for your assignment.” I pushed my face up against the membrane to see more, but after a while something almost like a curtain was slowly drawn across the window. One more time I looked at the wonderful golden city before the curtains closed.

“Come, we must go back, Hephzi,” Jesus said softly and took my arm.

Together with the angels we returned by carriage over the glass sea and moved over the last stretch on our own. Jesus was unhurried. We moved back to the almond grove. With surprise I noticed that all the blossoms had disappeared and the trees were covered in fruit.

“Please don’t go away, please Yeshua. Stay with me,” I pleaded.

“I will go with you into Father’s heart. Do not be afraid, nor feel alone. I will visit you again, my little one.” He put his arms around me, and gave me a gentle hug.

We returned to the wonderful protection of Father God’s heart.

“Rest here in Father’s heart for a while. I must go now, Hephzibah,” Jesus said. He was so concerned about me and I sensed that He really wanted to make sure that I was comfortable and happy.

“Is what I saw today meant for the book, Father God?” I asked after Jesus had left.

“Yes, definitely. You must write down everything. Do it immediately, my little one.”

Hereafter the Spirit brought me back.

My heart felt lighter and I no longer felt so terribly confused and tired. Much later that day, while I was praying to God, I was taken away. I immediately found myself on the large, open grassy plain. There were high, lush green trees, but they were strange and unknown to me. Jesus was next to me again. He



carried his shepherd's staff. I was so happy to see Him again. We strolled together without talking. I carried the almond rod.

Nothing much happened. We just moved together in silence. Just to be with Him, was enough for me. It brought such tranquility, and filled me with deep content and peace.

After our stroll I was brought back in the spirit.

## 8. The second visit to the city of gold

Thursday, August 23, 2007

During the early morning hours the Spirit took me away. I felt a shudder - almost as if I was being blown out of my body. This was a very strange feeling, but I was never frightened when the Holy Spirit carried me away. Normally the angel was with me, but this time I was alone.

"Why am I alone? Where is the angel, Yeshua!" I asked bewildered.

Although I became aware of the angel's presence, I could not see him. I was in a garden. There was an opening through which I moved to a beautiful snow-white beach where Jesus was waiting for me. I had a feeling that He wanted to surprise me.

"Dearest Yeshua!" I called out and ran to Him.

"Hephzibah-child," I heard his soft voice say above my head as He held me gently.

I am quite short, and Jesus was tall and slender. I was always joyful to be with my beloved Yeshua. He took my arm and together we moved over the beach. This time his shepherd's staff was not with Him.

We moved through a part of the garden with beautiful creepers. When we got to the sea of glass, we started crossing it. I looked down at the magnificent shades of colour. They are difficult to describe, because I don't really know the names of the colours I saw. They flowed into each other, soft like pastels. These shades were similar to the ones I saw the day before. Simultaneously bright like those in a dragon-fly wings, and at the same time also mysterious.

The most incredible golden light fell across the sea. We moved in the path of light until the large angels and carriage took us in the direction of this brilliant light. I secretly hoped that Yeshua will show me the city of gold.

We stopped at the sliding doors where we had been before. I saw that the membrane-like window was still there.

Excitedly I went closer and pushed my face against the thin transparent membrane-like glass, for it stopped me from going any further.

After a while I heard Jesus' soft voice: "This is not yet meant to be seen, Hephzibah - but I want to cheer you up."

"I feel so terribly sick after seeing all those awful things in hell, Lord. I really feel confused and mixed up about it all. My heart weeps for those on earth who are so deeply unhappy, yet I feel helpless. I do not know how to help them, and it saddens me, Yeshua."

Right then two angels with snow-white wings arrived. They carried what looked like a leather bag. I had to open my mouth. They poured something that looked like fine granules into it. It left a sweet, honied taste, almost as described in Ezekiel 3:3: "So I ate it, and it tasted as sweet as honey in my mouth."

"You must be purified from within, my sister," I heard Jesus say.

I saw myself standing there. My whole body started to light up. In amazement I stared at my illuminated body and asked: "What did the angels give me to eat?"

Yeshua answered: "This is water from the fountain of purification. It is pure water, but it crystalised on its way here. The water crystals will purify your heart so that you feel happy again."

An indescribable feeling of joy welled up inside me. I threw my arms up into the air and shouted excitedly: "Yeshua, Yeshua, I am so happy right now, I want to dance before you on the glass sea. May I, Lord?"

I could see that this pleased Him for I could hear him laugh softly.

"Next time, my Hephzibah. You must first go back and write down everything," He reminded me as always.

The angels and the carriage waited for us. We returned over the glass sea, through the garden with the beautiful plants, to the soft, white beach. Jesus held out the most beautiful lily I had ever seen. I stared at it in awe, unable to tear my eyes away. The colours were wonderful - soft apricot, orange, pink and yellow. They were beautiful beyond description, velvet-like and perfect (Ecclesiastes 2:1).

I took the lily and inhaled its soft, sweet fragrance. It was like myrrh, with a touch of spice. It was indecribable and I had never smelt anything like it before.

"Just something to make you happy, my dearest little one," He said.

"Please stay a while longer, Yeshua. I so much want to be with you," I pleaded.

"We will meet again, but now you must go, Hephzi."

I saw Him move back while we looking at each other, and then the Spirit brought me back.

In obedience I crawled out from underneath the warm duvet to write down everything. The incredible sight of the city, the new Jerusalem, and the colours of the glass sea were amazing, but I treasured the poignant simplicity of the beautiful lily most of all. And the fact that Yeshua gave it to me. I will not forget this for as long as I live. I was once again reminded of how much Jesus loves us.

And how important it was to Him to see his children happy, wanting to give a lily to each one of them. That is why He was prepared to lay down his life for us on the cross. Is there a greater love than

this - that someone would give his life for his beloved bride, his church here on earth?

## 9. Restoration and lesson

Friday, August 24, 2007

In the morning, while praying with a group of Spirit-filled women from our congregation, I saw two angels holding a large light-pink clay pot in their hands. The angels tipped the pot above my head and slowly poured its contents over me. Thick, white, shiny liquid ran down my body. My vision gradually became clearer.

Directly thereafter I saw a large angel standing in front of the glass door to the small hall where we were praying. The angel held his finger to his lips, signifying that I must keep quiet. His transparent blue-purple and green wings were beautiful, and the colours flowed into each other. I sensed that this was a special angel and remember that the angel Gabriel's wings were more or less the same colour.

Outside on the green lawn there were more angels with lovely snow-white wings dancing in a circle. When I saw my beloved Yeshua standing amongst them, I was overjoyed. The angels were dancing around Him.

I suddenly found myself next to Him inside the circle of angels. He put his arms around my shoulders and we were so happy to be together. He was wearing white and had his shepherd's staff with Him.

After a while I reluctantly returned to the hall, but I barely got back when I saw Jesus moving between us. He looked at each one present, but did not touch us. When He got to me, I said: "My sisters are calling on you, Yeshua. They long to have a heart like yours: A Jesus heart."

He looked at them quietly and said: "Your sisters long to have a heart like mine, but how many are also prepared to carry my cross?"

He seemed very sad. "I must go now, but the Holy Spirit will remain with you."

Jesus then left, but some of the angels stayed behind. Everyone in the room was intensely aware of the presence of the Holy Spirit. In a short prayer, I conveyed Jesus' message to my sisters. Only the Holy Spirit can convince us that we must also be prepared to carry Jesus' cross.

## 10. Consolation

Sunday, August 26, 2007

I woke up at half past two in the morning and started praying, lifting up the Name of Father God. I yearned to be in his presence and called out to Him: “My heart calls unto you, Father, I long for your presence.” I intensely desired to be with Father God.

The Spirit carried me into Father God’s heart where I knelt before Him, face in hands. The angel was next to me. His wings folded around me and in my spirit I heard the words: “Do not be sad, my little one, I am always close to you.”

Immediately hereafter I was brought back. Peace enfolded me and I quickly fell asleep.

## 11. The turtle-dove

Sunday, August 26, 2007

Later that morning, while we were singing and worshipping in church, the Spirit took me to where Jesus was standing in the green field. I fell down before his feet, and touched them gently. He lifted me and put his arms around me. I could see the scars where the nails pierced his flesh on his hands. Allowing me to see the terrible scars, was part of how He revealed Himself to me as Jesus.

We went to one of the almond trees where He picked an almond, peeled away the green, fleshy pod and put the rest of the fruit in my hand. I looked at it, but I knew that it wasn’t yet time to open the husk.

“I cannot walk this road alone, my Yeshua. I can’t,” I cried.

From out of nowhere, a little white dove flew towards me. Its soft white-blue wings were almost transparent. It flew into me, and then disappeared in my body! I looked around me, but then realised that the dove and I had become one.

“You are never alone, dearest Hephzibah. We are with you every moment of night and day. The Holy Spirit is also always with you,” Jesus answered softly.

The Word of God further explained it to me: “At that moment heaven was opened, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting on him.” (Matthew 3:16).

I felt the Spirit lifting me and while I was still looking at Jesus, I was brought back.

After the church service the Spirit showed me the following: I saw that the fleshy, soft pod of the almond fruit presents the outer court of the tabernacle of God. The hard husk was the inner court. It is only when one breaks through the husk that you can get to the kernel, or the seed, inside: The holiest of Holies, the heart of the Father.

This is the message locked up in the almond fruit and this is the word I must spread: We, his children must break through the husk of the almond, we must move through the torn veil of the temple to get to the Holiest of all, the place where we can meet with God in intimacy and become one with Him.

## 12. The stroll

Monday, August 27, 2007

At about nine in the morning, while I was doing Bible study, I was again taken into Father's heart.

I knelt at a little fountain in his heart out of which flowed clear, clean water. From there I went to the garden. I felt uneasy for I thought I was there alone. Suddenly I became aware of the angel strolling in the garden.

We walked amongst lovely flowers with incredible colours, some like those of the rainbow. Indescribably beautiful!

We reached the edge of the sea of glass. It stretched from horizon to horizon and the colours ran into each other like oil on water. Deep blue, turquoise and purple. Impossible to describe adequately in words.

Jesus was walking towards us over the sea. He was dressed in a long white tunic. I was filled with joy when I saw him.

"Come, I want to show you something, dearest child," He said almost excitedly. We walked together over the incredible glass sea. Like before, it reflected supernatural soft light.

Jesus showed me a garden in the prettiest colours. They were like splashes of paint, but the colours were all unfamiliar to me. The soft shades flowed into each other. I recognised the apricot-orange lilies, like the one Jesus had brought me before. There were lush green trees everywhere, but they also looked unfamiliar to me. We moved on for a while, and then turned back.

"I must go, Hephzibah," Jesus said.

I wanted to stop Him, but I knew He had to go. I was happy just to have been with Him for a while.

The angel and I moved back slowly over the glass sea. Everything was tranquil and peaceful, bathed in soft light. From the beach we saw the golden radiance over the sea. "Do not feel alone. Keep your eyes on Father God. Keep focused on what you are doing right now and everything will work out," the

angel said. Then the Spirit brought me back.

### 13. A word of encouragement

Wednesday, August 29, 2007

That morning while I was kneeling in spirit in Father God's heart, I cried, for I felt unworthy to complete the book. I held the precious pearl in my hands, and saw a snow-white dove flying towards me. It sat on the pearl for a while, and then dissolved into the palms of my hands.

I then saw two, wide open doors and heard a voice say: "The doors will be opened for you. You will be allowed to go into the new city."

I saw my beloved Yeshua sitting on a beautiful white horse inside the open gate. I clearly heard Him say: "I shall wait here for you, my beloved. But you must first finish the book."

"Father God, the assignment is too much for me. I cannot do it alone. Help me, please Abba Father. It is a big assignment to complete and I feel so incompetent and unfit to do it justice," I cried.

"My dearest Hephzibah, you must first crack the husk of the almond before you can get to the seed. The Holy Spirit will assist you. I promised that I will never leave you alone. I can see that you are suffering, and that is why I gave you the mantle of courage and strength. You must now carry my strength like a mantle, my child."

"Thank you, Daddy," I said as tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Go in peace, Hephzibah-daughter. Clothe yourself with the strength I give you. And remember, I love you endlessly, my child."

"Yes, Abba Father, I know. I will do what you say for I love you just as much."

I felt peaceful and remained sitting with my eyes closed. I whispered: "I am so awfully weak and tired, Father God."

"Take the mantle of healing and fold it around you, my beloved child. I have now equipped you with all the mantles you will need on the journey which lies ahead. Right now you must wear the mantle of healing, for I can see that you need it. I will not leave you, and I will not leave you to finish this book on your own. I have promised. Remember that."

"All right, Abba Father, I will wear it. Thank you, Father."

"Good, my child. Do what I have called you to do, Hephzibah. Relax, and keep your eyes on me. I will never forsake you, beloved child."

The Spirit brought me back gently, and I later came across the following scripture in my Bible: "And you, son of man, do not be afraid of them or their word. Do not be afraid, though briers and thorns are all around you and you live among scorpions. Do not be afraid or terrified by them..." (Ezekiel 2:6). I realised that to take up a mantle and wear it, was a godly and powerful instruction. The mantles or cloaks represent Christ Himself - Jesus, the Alpha and Omega of all of God's promises.

When Father God instructed me to wear the cloaks and explained what they symbolize in spirit, I understood that all God's promises are available to me: I must wear my strength in Him like a mantle. Jesus represents all the godly mantles, regardless of their colour, and in the same way that He is our

spiritual armour: “Finally be strong in the Lord and his mighty power. Put on the full armour of God so that you can take your stand against the devil’s schemes.” (Ephesians 6: 10-11).

#### 14. The golden bowls

Monday, September 3, 2007

I woke up at half past three in the morning and started praying. Father God has been teaching me how to call people, whose names He would give to me, into his kingdom. This was very special to me, and I sensed that it was meant for me personally and not to be included in detail in the book.

I was awake for quite a while. Whilst praying, I experienced the sensation which normally preceded a spiritual journey. Immediately I found myself in the entrance hall of the throne-room. I waited there as I was never sanctioned to go into the throne-room of God on my own. Jesus accompanied me every time.

After I had been waiting for a long time, I took the first, uncertain step in the direction of the passage where the golden angels formed a guard of honour. Suddenly Jesus was next to me, and He held my elbow lightly while we walked through the golden passages.

We followed exactly the same route as before: The golden wings of the angels formed the wide arch over the passage and we followed the half circle up to the wide, open door.

Before me the incredible throne-room scene unfolded. Everything was pure gold. Around the golden throne was the beautiful, perfect rainbow in the brightest colours imaginable. Over the throne was the soft white cloud. In my spirit I understood that God’s presence was in the cloud.

Angels waited on both sides of the throne, softly moving their wings to and fro, almost like John describes in Revelations 5:11: “Then I looked and heard the voice of many angels, numbering thousands upon thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand. They encircled the throne and the living creatures and the elders.” In deep reverence I fell onto my face on the transparent floor of glass. Next to me Yeshua bowed deeply.

Then something made me stand up again, and I immediately noticed the golden bowl next to the throne. Revelations 8:3-4 describe something similar: “Another angel with a golden censer, came and stood at the altar. He was given incense to offer, with the prayers of all the saints, at the golden altar before the throne. From the angel’s hand the smoke of the incense, together with the prayers of the saints, went up before God.”

Angels moved in and out of the throne-room all the time, placing prayers in the golden bowl. There were also many other angels with wings shimmering in the soft light: They were very quiet, but continuously made small, quick movements as if they were busy doing tasks. The golden bowls are described in Revelations 5:8: “And when he had taken it (the scroll), the four living creatures and the twenty-four elders fell down before the Lamb. Each one had a harp and they were holding golden bowls of incense, which are the prayers of the saints.”

Somewhere in the background I heard angel choirs singing softly. The music and the singing was the purest I had ever heard - high-pitched, uninterrupted music, soft and melodious. As if scales had fallen from my eyes, I saw blood dripping continuously on the prayers in the golden bowl. The inner discovery

came with blinding clarity: This blood, this precious blood is the blood of the second Adam, our Jesus. The blood of the covenant. The promise of complete forgiveness. This blood, the blood of forgiveness, the blood of life, restores what Adam and Eve lost in the paradise when they ate from the tree of good and evil, the tree of judgement. Hebrews 9:12 describes this beautifully: “He did not enter by the means of goats and calves; but he entered the Most Holy Place once and for all by his own blood, having obtained eternal redemption.”

## 15. The heavens shake

Monday, September 3, 2007

Hereafter I experienced something I have never heard of before but I'll try to describe it.

I suddenly felt the throne-room shaking violently. It felt like a powerful earthquake.

“What is going on?” I asked uncertainly as I looked around me.

“When Jesus was whipped, every lash that fell on his mutilated body, was so inhuman, brutal and cruel that it caused the heavens to shudder. I have allowed you to experience this for I want you to include it in the book. My children must know what terrible suffering and pain Yeshua endured. By his choice to suffer such anguish and die willingly, He brought salvation and healing to all people,” I recognized Father God's voice, soft and heavy with compassion. I felt paralyzed as I relived the terror of those lashes. My spirit felt torn and pain sheared my insides. I felt the shock waves vibrate through God's throne-room as each of the 39 lashes struck the broken body of our Saviour. Matthew 27:51 describes: “At that moment the curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom. The earth shook and the rocks split.”

My body began to shake like that of one in a state of severe shock. I could not even look at my Yeshua for I felt deeply sorry for Him. I knew: He endured this terrible torture also for my own sins.

How inhuman had this suffering been, how cruel and brutal the blows that rained down on Him. And He did it for He chose to do it, not because He was forced. Luke 22: 19 clearly says: “And he took bread, gave thanks and broke it, and gave it to them, saying, “This is my body given for you; do this in remembrance of me.”

I fell to the floor before God and cried bitterly. It was heart-rendering to witness his torture in my spirit. Not only did Jesus have to go through the physical suffering, but He had to endure it on a spiritual level as well to free us from eternal death.

A very large angel, similar to the angel Gabriel, but with shimmering white wings, lifted me to my



feet. The angel took a little golden box given to him by another angel. It was filled with emeralds, sapphires, rubies and many other stones unknown to me. The stones sparkled like stars. I could hardly look at their incredible brightness.

The angel put the box in my hands and said: "These gifts belong to you. Take them, for they are yours."

"I don't understand, Father. What gifts are these?" I asked.

"This gift has been kept in God's storeroom for years. It is now yours. I will teach you how and when you should use it," I heard Father say.

I was overwhelmed and could only answer: "Thank you so much, Abba, Daddy. I love you."

"I love you too, Hephzibah-child. You give Me much joy," Father God said softly.

Jesus came closer and took me by the arm. Then something peculiar happened. While we were looking at the little box, all the precious stones melted into my body and disappeared. In my one hand was the big, precious pearl and in my other hand, the almond branch staff. Down my back hung the rainbow-coloured cloak and next to me Jesus stood with the shepherd's staff in his hand. We turned around slowly and walked back underneath the arch of golden angels. We stood in the arched doorway for a while.

## 16. The almond harvester

Monday, September 3, 2007

Jesus stood next to me in the open doorway. Neither of us spoke. We first looked over the green meadow stretching from horizon to horizon and then slowly walked out, following a winding path through the green pastures. We came to a white beach next to a tranquil, blue lake. Suddenly we were back in the almond grove. I was astonished by what I saw: Thousands of angels were picking the almonds and gathering them in large fruit baskets. The baskets were overflowing.

"What will the angels do with the almonds?" I asked while looking at the thousands of baskets.

"We must sow the seed. You must also sow it," Jesus' calm voice said. "The seed is the word of God." (Luke 8:11). He pointed at the wide open fields. There was ploughed land as far as the eye could see. There were thousands of people on the reddish brown soil - some were kneeling, beseechingly holding out their hands in front of them. Others were sitting on their haunches, searching for something on the ground.

"This is what you must do Hephzibah. You must plant the seed of the almond tree."

Jesus was quiet for a while, and then added: "You must write it down in a book, Hephzibah."

I was overwhelmed by what I saw and simply stared at all the people without saying a word. Whilst we were still standing there, the Spirit brought me back.

After a long time, I whispered "I can never do it all alone, Abba Father." My eyes were full of tears:

"Oh Father, please just let me stay in your heart. The work I must do just seems too much for me

today.” I started praying in my heavenly language until I eventually fell asleep .

## 17. Jesus lightens my load

Saturday, September 8, 2007

During my quiet time, I felt as if Father God was far from me. After I had experienced almost six weeks of intimate conversation with God and being in the presence of Jesus, I felt terribly lonely. Nothing really exceptional had happened during the past few days. With my prayer shawl, the tallit that I had bought in Israel, I knelt before Him crying: “Almighty Father, please do not leave me. This assignment is too much for me to complete on my own.”

The Spirit carried me away and I found myself in a quiet place, sitting at Jesus’ feet. I recognized the nail marks and rested my head against his knees. He rose, helping me to my feet. I was again struck by his tall, slender frame and the long, pure white robe he wore.

When I looked down, I saw that I was holding a silver bucket overflowing with almonds in my hand. Jesus bent down, took the bucket from me and carried it as we moved on. In his left hand was the long shepherd’s staff. “I’ll carry it for you, dear one,” He said cheerfully.

Hands free, and feeling exuberant, I danced over the clear, open field. I felt so relieved, and I thought I heard Him laugh softly. We started walking over a sea, but it did not look like the sea of glass. After we had walked quite a distance, we got to a place where dark, jagged, grey mountain peaks rose above the water. Between the peaks people sat crying next to the mountain paths. Their clothes were bright and multi-coloured. From their stretched out hands, and the expressions of pain and fear on their faces, it was clear that they were in distress. We took the almonds out of the bucket and distributed them.

In the distance was the place where I first met Jesus and sat at his feet. There were now thousands of buckets with almonds. I bent down to pick up a bucket, but Jesus stopped me and said: “Give it to me, Hephzibah, I will carry it. Remember, you are no longer alone, for we are one.”

“When will we break open the almond husks, Yeshua?” I asked eagerly.

“Later, Hephzibah, only later.”

“Please, Yeshua, stay a while longer,” I pleaded when it looked as if He was getting ready to leave.

“You are never alone, Hephzibah, I am always with you. I must go now.”

“Yeshua, Yeshua, I love you so much,” I said softly, and with sadness.

“I love you dearly, Hephzibah. Please do not feel alone.”

He slowly moved away in the direction of the orange light.

Back in my room, where I was still busy with my quiet time, I thought about these events for a long time. How considerate of Jesus to encourage me. My heart rejoiced in Jesus, the living Lord!

## 18. The moment of darkness

Sunday, September 9, 2007

During worship at our church service, I was taken away by the Spirit. I found myself sitting at Jesus’ feet on a beach. The scars on the Master’s feet were visible. There was compassion in my

heart for our beloved Jesus who had to suffer so terribly. My head rested against his legs.

After a while I stood up and danced before Him. I held a piece of delicate chiffon in my hands. The colour was similar to the orange-pink lily Jesus had given me before. I was so happy to be with Yeshua. Whilst I was twirling, waving the piece of chiffon above my head, I could see that He was enjoying it. He stood up and walked towards me over the white sand.

I lay the chiffon on the ground so that He could walk over it. Together we went to the edge of the sea of glass where the angels and carriage appeared, and took us in the direction of the golden light.

When we got close to the circle of light, it suddenly became darker again. The golden city was in front of us, but darkness quickly descended.

“What is happening, Yeshua? Why has the beautiful city suddenly gone dark?”

It felt as if I had become a spectator and that a different event was playing out in front of me. The cross with my beloved Yeshua nailed to it, rose out of the dark. I was reminded of the words in Mark 15:33-34: “At the sixth hour darkness came over the whole land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried out in a loud voice, “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?” - which means, “My God, my God why have you forsaken me?” I shuddered as I remembered these words from the Scripture.

Then, out of the darkness, angels came flying. The edges of their wings shone brightly and I was surprised how quickly they moved. I was amazed to see the angels carefully scoop up every drop of Jesus’ spilt blood, and take it away. I sensed how everyone in heaven was grieving because Jesus, Prince of heaven, was crucified. His bloodied head hung to the side and it looked as if He was already dead. I experienced a terrible moment of distress. It was so real that it felt like physical pain.

The earth split open and Jesus disappeared into the black opening. It was terrible, and I felt the horror of hell in my spirit. The desolation was in and around me. Flames shot out of the black opening. I was rigid with shock and bewilderment. Moments later Jesus’ image rose out of the crevice between the flames. He wore a beautiful silver white garment and He was surrounded by glory - bright and brilliant. It felt like a vision of the words in Matthew 28:5: “...I know that you are looking for Jesus, who was crucified. He is not here; he has risen, just as he said.”

Suddenly I could move again and I joined Yeshua, the risen Christ. Together we went through the gate which led to the throne-room. We went down the golden arched passage way, but this time the angels had spread gold-coloured fabric on the floor for our beloved Jesus to walk on. In reverence and awe I remained standing in the doorway to the throne-room. Yeshua went forward alone. Angels dressed in gold met Him halfway to the throne and spread their wings over him until He was completely covered. Slowly they moved to the throne where Jesus was taken up in a cloud. As Hebrews 9:12 confirms: “...he entered the Most Holy Place once and for all by his own blood, having obtained eternal redemption.” The

angels formed a golden arch over the cloud which enveloped the throne.

## **19. The birth of the white dove**

**Sunday, September 9, 2007**

I waited for quite a while, not knowing what to expect next. Then a large, beautiful snow-white dove appeared between the wing tips of the angels. It was an incredible sight as I witnessed the symbolic birth of the promised Counsellor in John 14:16: "I will ask the Father, and he will give another Counsellor to be with you for ever - the Spirit of truth."

I heard the sound of wings fluttering and slapping, almost as if during the process of birth. When its wings were free, the dove rose above the throne and hovered in the silvery white light. Could this be the symbolic dove of the Holy Spirit referred to in Mark 1: 9-11: "At that time Jesus came from Nazareth in Galilee and was baptised by John in the Jordan. As Jesus was coming up out of the water, he saw the heaven being torn open and the Spirit descending on him like a dove."

And a voice came from heaven: "You are my Son, whom I love; with you I am well pleased."

I stared at the beautiful white dove and did not notice that Jesus had appeared next to me again. When I looked to my side and saw Him, I was surprised and filled with unspeakable joy. We went through the golden passage and back to the beach. I picked up the orange-pink piece of material and twirled it round and round above my head. The beautiful dove appeared and followed the movement of the material. I experienced joy beyond description, an inexpressable, wonderful freedom.

Hereafter something strange happened. I saw the snow-white dove flying behind me and into my back. Its outspread wings melted into my outstretched arms, the head into the back of my head and the body became part of my body. We became one. Matthew 3:11 says: "I (John the Baptist) baptise you with water for repentance, but after me will come one who is more powerful than I, whose sandals I am not fit to carry. He will baptise you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." I sat down at my beloved Yeshua's feet. His hand rested on my head. "You must go back now, dearest Hep hzibah," He said. He sounded sad.

"I want to stay with you, wonderful Yeshua."

"You must go now, Hephzibah."

"I love you so much, Yeshua."

"I love you too, my little one. Go, and write down everything you saw," He gently encouraged me.

The Holy Spirit then brought me back.

20. The cross taken up into heaven  
Sunday, September 9, 2007

Later, during the worship in the church, the Spirit carried me away once more. I was at the hill of Golgotha. Although I was only a spectator, I saw myself moving slowly forward through the crowd. When I stood right in front of Jesus, I was drawn into, and became part of the cross. “I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me.” (Galatians 2:19-20).

Above the cross was a beautiful orange-pink lily: From the cup of the lily flew an exquisite white dove and a brilliant, flame-coloured tube of light shone down from heaven, enclosing the cross. I stared in absolute wonder as the cross moved upwards through the tube of light, and then changed into a pure white dove. All of a sudden I found myself, together with the dove, inside the tube of light. A white cloud came down and enveloped us completely so that we were taken up in the cloud.

Immediately hereafter I was carried into the heart of Father God. I knelt there wearing the delicately woven rainbow-coloured robe.

Scriptures from Hebrew 10 filled my mind: “But when this priest (Jesus Christ) had offered for all time one sacrifice for sins, he sat down at the right hand of God...Therefore...we have confidence to enter the Most Holy Place by the blood of Jesus by a new and living way opened for us through the curtain, that is, his body.” (v. 12, 19,20).

Then the praise and worship in the church service ended, and I was brought back by the Spirit. “Thank you, my Father, that You came to fetch me, even during the church service. It is far too great and wonderful for me to understand.” That was the song in my heart for the rest of the day.

Monday, September 10, 2007

I woke up early morning from a deep sleep. I knew that I had dreamt during the night, but could not remember the dream. However, I was fully awake when I saw a vision of a television screen. From left to right two parallel lines ran across the screen.

Between the two moving lines the following words were written: “The old has passed. Look, I will make all things new.” I looked up the words in the Word and found confirmation in Revelations 21: 4,5: “...for the old order of things has passed away. He who was seated on the throne said, “I am making everything new.” I was confused about what Father God meant by this, and the message hidden in the verse for these times. But I felt at peace, for I knew it would be revealed in time.

21. The Madonna lily  
Wednesday, September 12, 2007

I woke up early morning. In my spirit I heard the following: “The colours which represent the different seasons are blue, red, green and yellow.” I meditated on this for a while, but was suddenly carried away by the Spirit to the beach where I had been before. I was alone for quite a while and lay on my back in the soft light, delighting in the peace and quiet around me.

Still alone, I started talking to Yeshua. The next moment Lord Jesus was next to me on the beach. He produced a gorgeous white lily from behind his back and said: “This is a Madonna lily. It is for you, my Hephzibah.”

I jumped up and took the lily from Him. “I love you, Yeshua!” I cried out.  
“I love you too, Hephzibah,” He answered laughing.

My heart wanted to sing as in Song of Songs 2:16: “My lover is mine and I am his! He pastures his flocks among the lilies.” (Amplified Bible). We sat next to each other. I was always happy to be with Yeshua. A little later I asked: “What must I do with your book?”

He answered: “Do not worry about it. I will deal with it Myself. You must rest now.”

He stayed for a while longer. “I must go so that you can rest,” He repeated. His voice was caring and loving.

The Spirit then brought me back.

After I carefully wrote down all the detail, I went back to bed where my husband was fast asleep. I fell asleep almost immediately and only woke up at the usual time. I dreamt that I was the pilot of an aeroplane and that I had to land it safely. Before I could pilot the next plane, I first had to bath in a river. I had to take off all my clothes and put them on a little island in the river bed. I can’t remember the new aeroplane clearly, only that it was silver. Before I could get out of the water, I woke up. The dream was significant in respect of being an answer to a decision I had to make. I sensed that I had to move on into a new season. That is why the Spirit showed me that there are different seasons in the way God deals with time: His children do not move in terms of years, or even months, but in seasons.

22. Washed in Jesus’ blood

Thursday, September 13, 2007

At about five in the morning I was carried away again. For a short time I stood alone on the beach where I usually met with Jesus. Then He suddenly appeared next to me. I had missed Him, and was really happy to see Him. Jesus winked at me and said: "Come, I 'd like to take you somewhere."

I held a long woven scarf in lovely soft colours. I folded the scarf around my hair like a turban with one end hanging down in front of me. Our clothes were brilliant white. We followed a winding pathway through a garden. All along the path were beautiful flowers, large patches of orange-coloured lilies. The path came to an end where the lake had formed a natural bay. In the bay was a little wooden boat, like the typical ancient fisherman's boat used on the Sea of Galilee during Jesus' time here on earth. There was nothing in the boat except a wooden bench with two seats. We got in. The boat started sailing by itself over the still, almost transparent blue water. Soft light fell over the mirror-like surface of the water.

At some stage I leant over the side of the little boat, and touched the water which was cool and refreshing. Jesus laughed softly. It was clear that He was enjoying the boat ride for He was very relaxed. On the other side of the lake, we stepped from the boat and followed a winding path through green pastures. Next to the path were little towns with white flat roof dwellings. Everything was peaceful and calm.

Then a pure white little dove flew towards me and fed me small, soft and round seed-like balls from its beak. It flew back and forth to feed me repeatedly. Later on the little dove sat on my shoulder like a tame bird.

"Who lives here, Yeshua?" I asked and pointed at the dwellings.

"People you do not know," He answered softly.

I noticed that the shepherd's staff was in his hand. We arrived at a beautiful waterfall. A mass of foaming white water tumbled over the edge into a large pool at the bottom of the falls. The water in the pool was clear and transparent. We then went into the water until we were completely covered, but it was still possible to breathe and keep our eyes open. I was amazed to see the dove under the water, too. I lay down on my side, resting my head on my arm.

"Rest for a while, Hephzibah. Remain in my rest," Jesus said.

We rested underneath the water for such a long time I started wondering how long we were going to stay there. It really felt good and was very relaxing.

"You must rest longer, for I can see that you are worn-out and exhausted," Jesus said again.

While we were resting, the water changed colour from light to dark. I was speechless when I realised what was happening: The water had changed into blood!

"Wash yourself in my blood," Jesus said.

Even though the blood was dark, we could still see each other clearly. I noticed that the blood flowed from the nail-marks on his hands. When we got out of the water, we were almost silvery transparent clean! We went back to the beach where we had first met each other.

"I have to go and you have writing to do," He said as usual.

"I so much want to stay with you, beloved Yeshua," I pleaded.

“I am always with you in spirit, Hephzibah,” He answered.

I could not leave Him immediately for I longed to stay with him for a while longer. I knelt at his feet, kissed them, and tenderly touched the nail-marks. He took my hands and pulled me to my feet. “I will never leave you alone, Hephzibah. We are one. Come to Me whenever you feel lonely.”

He walked with me for a short distance. He turned me to Him, holding my head in his hands, and looked down at me. For the first time since I had met Jesus, I could see his face. From his eyes shone the most wonderful light. I pressed my head against his chest, because the light was so brilliant. It was simply too bright to behold. While we were standing there, I was brought back by the Spirit.

At about half past eight that morning, during my quiet time, I was carried to the heart of Father God. There I lay under a soft white blanket, resting. Two angels stood on either side of me, and folded the blanket around me.

“Remain in my rest, beloved daughter. You are very tired and you need a lot of rest,” I heard Him say.

“Nourish me with your heavenly manna, Father God. I really want to drink water from the fountain of life, please Father.”

The angel came closer with a leather bag and stood next to me. I sat up and opened my mouth. He poured small granules from the bag into my mouth. They melted in my mouth. I scooped a handful from the water that flowed from the fountain in Father God’s heart and drank. It was cool and refreshing. Jesus appeared, held me and comforted me like a child. “You are very tired, Hephzibah, and you must rest some more.”

I started crying softly. “Please do not leave me alone with your book, Yeshua. People may not understand its content.”

“Be at peace about it, Hephzibah,” He answered and again I rested in Father God’s heart. He pulled the blanket over me, and tucked it in on the side. “Remain in my rest,” He said.

Peace enfolded me and my eyes started closing. Shortly thereafter the Spirit brought me back.

23. The warm blanket  
Friday, September 14, 2007

Early morning, during my quiet time with the Lord, I cried a lot. The previous evening the Spirit showed me that during my childhood years things happened to me which had hurt and wounded me deeply. Things that I had forgotten although they remained hidden in the subconscious. But they were still ticking like time bombs set for explosion. I gave everything to Father God. Again I had to forgive, and like a child I was able to bring it all to my Father. The Spirit took me into his heart. Yeshua was there,



too. He quietly drew close and sat next to me so that I could rest my head on his lap. He stroked my long blonde hair. I tenderly touched the nail marks on his hands and remembered the words written in Isaiah 53:5. I softly whispered the scripture: "But he was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was upon him, and by his wounds we were healed." My own sadness suddenly seemed so insignificant in comparison to the agony he had to endure on the cross. And in spite of this, HE was the one who wanted to console me!

The angels again folded the blanket tightly around me. I whispered: "I love you very much, my Yeshua. I know that you will never allow anything to happen to me."

"I love you, my daughter," I heard Him say.

"Hephzibah, I know about your hurt, but it is over. You can now enter my rest," Jesus said.

His hand stroked my hair. "I love you too, Hephzibah. Just remain in Father's heart." Light shone from his eyes. I could not look at Him. His face was radiant. A soft glow from Father God's heart covered us. I felt the sorrow leave me, closed my eyes and entered his rest. Thereafter the Spirit brought me back.

24. The golden mantle  
Saturday, September 15, 2007

The Spirit took me to a sandy place. I could not see the sea, therefore it couldn't have been a beach. Jesus waited there. He said nothing; only calmly walked with me. The road went up- and downhill, but it was quite wide. A beautiful white dove circled above and followed us.

"Where are we going?" I asked curiously as I looked around me. Everything was bathed in a soft light. Jesus did not answer and only walked quietly next to me.

He was carrying his shepherd's staff. Both of us wore long, white garments. After we had walked a long way, a beautiful, large white eagle flew towards us. Revelations 4:6 speaks of this image: "In the centre, around the throne, were four living creatures, and they were covered with eyes, in front and behind. The first living creature was like a lion, the second was like an ox, the third had a face like a man, the fourth was like a flying eagle." Jesus took my hand and we started flying with the eagle. We were flying very high, and I looked down at the green pastures. All of a sudden, I was alone up in the sky.

Then something peculiar happened, something I cannot fully describe. It was as if the eagle and I had become one, but I was still the same as before. Jesus was not with me anymore. I went up higher and higher and the pastures were still lush green beneath me. Although it was very high, I could clearly see everything on the ground.

It felt as if I was being taken higher and higher in a spiral until I softly landed in Father God's heart.

"What is happening, Abba Father?" I asked in surprise.

“Today you received the sight of an eagle, my daughter,” I heard Him say.

“But why, Father?”

“So that you can see that which is not visible,” He answered.

Two angels came up to me and placed a little golden cloak around my shoulders. The angels fastened the strings around my neck.

“Wash me, Father for I must be completely cleansed,” I said and moved in the direction of a small pond in the heart of Father God. Fully clothed, I floated in the pond. There wasn’t water in the pond, but bright red blood. When I stepped out after a while, my clothes were bright white and the golden mantle shimmered. While I was looking at the lovely golden mantle, the Spirit bought me back.

25. Anointing and a new dress  
Monday, September 17, 2007

My husband, Frank, and I went on a week long holiday to a hot water springs resort: I was tired in my spirit and looked forward to relax and sleep as much as possible. I needed to get away from daily routines, the telephone, and everything else which demanded my attention.

That afternoon after we came back from a long walk and a long soak in the hot water, I lay down on the bed to read. My thoughts wandered and I thought about the incredible journeys Father God took me on. They now felt almost unreal and undeserved. Even though they were spiritually tiring and emotionally taxing, I would not trade the experience for anything on earth. It was like the precious pearl which Father God had given me. While I was reflecting on what I had experienced, something like a soft breeze took me away. I immediately found myself on the white beach where I usually met Jesus. The sea was still and blue in the soft, golden light.

Much to my surprise I saw two angels carrying large green leaves moving towards me. I rested on the sand while the angels covered me with the leaves like a blanket. There was a stone under my head which served as a pillow, but it was soft and spongy. (Ezekiel 47:12). From the corner of my eye I saw Jesus walking towards us over the beach. He was reading a book.

“Which book is He reading?” I asked one of the angels.

“He is reading from the book of your life. The book Father wrote about your life,” the angel answered, folding the leafy blanket around me (Psalm 139:16).

“It is very important that you rest more,” the other angel said with concern.

Jesus stood next to me whilst discussing something with the angels. They then brought a leather container which looked like a jug, to where I was lying. They tipped the container and poured the content over my head and body. The liquid was transparent and shiny, almost like oil. I took it that it was some kind of oil. It ran over my head and body and dripped down on the sand. One of the angels held my long blonde hair behind my back and poured more oil over me. They also spread other leaves over me.

“What are You reading about, Yeshua?” I asked inquisitively.

“I am reading what Father has planned for you life,” He answered and continued reading. This made me even more inquisitive, and I asked anxiously: “I also want to know. I want to know where my I belong

in the church, the body of Christ. Where do I fit in, Yeshua?"

He looked up and answered: "You are part of the eyes and hands."

What must I do? I wondered quietly, but did not ask. Why, I do not know. Jesus read on. Later He held out the book and asked: "What do you see, Hephzibah?"

"I see a book, but if it is the book of my life, why are you reading in the middle of the book? I am past mid-life, and in my early sixties?"

"This book is not about the years of your life. It is about what Father has planned for your life, remember?"

Then Jesus sent the angels away and sat down next to me on the beach. His voice was gentle and caring when asked: "Hephzibah, look at me, look into my eyes. What do you see?"

I looked up slowly, but I could not look at his eyes. A brilliant light shone from them. "I see a light beyond description in your eyes, my beloved Jesus."

"You see the love I have for you reflected. You are precious to Me, remember this, my little sister."

I could only nod. "Yes, Yeshua, I love you too."

"I know that little one, I know. I can see the longing in your heart. I know when you hunger for my Word and my presence."

"Rest for a while, for we have to go to the Father. He is waiting for us."

Jesus sat next to me reading while I rested. Later we were taken into Father God's heart. An angel fastened my hair behind my back with a long green ribbon. A second angel brought a bag of skin with fresh, cool water. I had to drink from the bag. "Drink this for you have to build up your strength," the angel said.

Two angels took off the dress I was wearing, and brought me a new white dress. "Today you have to put on a brand new dress."

I was excited and bounced about, laughing exuberantly. "Why a new dress?" I asked the angel.

Jesus laughed softly and called out: "Look at the dress. What do you see, little one?"

"Wow! What colour is it? I have never seen such a beautiful colour. It is exquisite, Lord!"

"It is the colour of light. The light of life. You have worn the cloak of depression and desolation long enough, my little sister. Today I clothe you with a robe of light and life: My light, for I AM light," Jesus said.

"God is light; in him there is no darkness at all." (1 John 1:15).

"I have to write this down immediately, for I must never forget it," I said happily.

"I'll make sure that you remember," Jesus reassured me softly.

I saw myself wearing the incredibly beautiful dress which fanned around me in soft, transparent folds. The colour was that of light. My long, silky hair hung down my back, tied with the bright green ribbon. I sat down and put my feet in the clean water of the stream flowing in Father God's heart.

"Rest for a while. I will meet you here again, little one," Jesus said before He left. I thought about the words in John 7:38.

I was brought back by the Spirit to where I was lying on the bed. The anointment was heavy upon me. My legs began to shake violently and I was intensely aware of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the room. It took a while before I stopped shaking.

Later that day Frank and I went walking in the mountains. It was so peaceful; away from people and the noisy activities of the day. I felt as if I could stay there in the open, surrounded by the beauty nature for the rest of the day. The journeys with the angel, Jesus and the incredible presence of Father God increasingly made me aware of the harmony which exists between man and nature. The soft whispers of the silence were like the gentle sounds of violins playing in the veldt: Music one can only hear when your spirit is finely tuned to become one with the presence of the Spirit of almighty God. God isn't found in the wind. His presence can be perceived in the whisper of the breeze stirring the leaves of heather-bell flowers; just like a bouquet gently shaking in the hand of the bride as she walks towards her bridegroom.

Some of the most precious moments to me were when Frank and I talked with lively enthusiasm about God. Sometimes it was as if we couldn't stop talking about the newly discovered greatness of Father God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit.

Every day brought a new discovery, something new to learn about. "How good is our God! How high and wide and great is his love for us!" I couldn't help but cry out.

"Yes, and think of everything we missed before we got to know Him so deeply," Frank had to admit.

26. The eagle  
Tuesday, September 18, 2007

We got up early to drive to the Cederberg for the day. I was excited since we were going to visit the farm where I was born, and picnic there. During my quiet time, just before we left for the farm, the Spirit took me to the white beach where Jesus was waiting for me. He took my hand and tenderness welled up inside me when I felt the scar in his hand.

We started walking along the beach. In my other hand was the almond rod, full of ripe almonds. While we were walking, we were taken into Father God's heart. I could not see Him, but I was aware of his glorious, holy presence. I also sensed that He was happy with me. I could hear his voice in my spirit: "We must now start to prepare you, my daughter."

Jesus put a glowing coal in each of my palms and my fingers folded around them. He took two purple-red grapes and put one on each eyelid. The grapes immediately melted into my eyes.

"This is to prepare your spiritual eyes to see the invisible, my daughter."

From where Jesus and I stood, I saw a ray of light encircling us from above. I looked up into the light. "Thank you so much, Father God," I whispered in awe. We turned around slowly and were immediately taken back to the beach.

“Today we will be taken up by the eagle. You must learn how to see the invisible. You must practise your sight, little sister.”

A breathtakingly beautiful silver eagle landed next to us. We were taken up into the sky on the back of the eagle. Jesus wrapped his arm around me and I leant against him. The eagle took us incredibly high up. The ground was far below, but I still felt safe.

“Look below. Can you see the little rabbits?” Jesus asked, pointing at a tuft of green grass.

“Yes, I can, but they are very far below us. How is it possible to see them from where we are? ”

“That is why you have to practise your sight, my little sister.”

“Then it’s fine, Yeshua.”

“Hephzibah, you must remember that we are now one. I AM your protector,” Jesus said. He suddenly became quiet. When I looked around, I was alone on the eagle’s back - Jesus wasn’t there anymore. I looked down over the green grassy landscape, over the beach, the little hills, and I was amazed by the things I could see from above.

The wind was cool, but felt like no more than a soft breeze. After a while we landed on the beach. Jesus was next to me again. “There are still many things you must learn, Hephzibah.”

“What must you still teach me, Yeshua?”

“Patience is one of them. You must learn how to wait patiently, my little one. Wait on Me.”

“You are so right. I must learn how to wait on you, Lord.”

“Secondly you must learn to trust Me.”

“But Lord, I do trust you!” I cried out.

He slowly shook his head. “You have been disappointed so many times in your life that your trust in people is damaged. They did not honour their promises to you, Hephzibah. This has wounded you deeply.”

“You are so right, Yeshua. I have been hurt a lot in the past.”

“Yes, but now you are frightened of getting hurt again, my little one. Were you afraid up there on the eagle’s back?”

“Not at all, Lord, for You were with me.”

“Even when there are times when you can’t see me, I promise I will never leave or forsake you, Hephzibah. I have been waiting for you long before you gave me your heart. You were so scared and full of hurt. That is why you trusted no one, dearest child. We have been there from the very beginning. But we had to wait until you chose to come to us.” His voice was soft, and his face was radiant.

“Thank you, Yeshua, that You never gave up on me. I will never forget that.”

Together we looked over the green fields. Arm in arm we began strolling on the beach. At first I wondered why we left no footprints on the beach, but the Holy Spirit reminded me that Jesus and I were not moving in the flesh. I looked at the two of us walking along the beach like a spectator. Both of us carried a wooden cross on our back. I heard Jesus say: “It is not easy to carry my cross, beloved child. At times it will be very heavy, but then I will carry it for you, for we are one. It is of the utmost importance that you trust me with your whole heart, soul and spirit.

“Thank you, Father. In all honesty I must admit that I am terribly afraid at times.”

“I know, but I will never leave you on your own with my book, Hephzibah.”

“I love you very much, Lord.”

“And I love you, my sister.”

We strolled on until He said: “It is time for Me to go, but we will meet here again. We have to make sure that your spiritual vision develops, for you will surely need it. And remember, you have the rod that you can use, for in the rod, which is the Word, is your strength.”

“When will we meet again, my Lord?”

I heard Him answer softly: “Oh, you have to learn how to wait, remember.”

“I will, as long as I don’t have to wait too long, dearest Master,” I answered shyly.

“You know where I am, Hephzibah. You will always find me in Father God’s heart.”

“Yes, I know, Lord, I know.”

Then I was brought back in spirit.

Frank was still waiting patiently for me and I had to write down everything as quickly as possible before we left. When we arrived at the farm where my parents lived 40 years ago, and where I grew up, I saw with mixed feelings how things had changed: The house was now deserted and the farm dilapidated and neglected. It was sad to see that hardly anything was left of what my father had built up so painstakingly over the years. But even so there were still many childhood memories that lingered like little violets in my heart. It was good to go back to my roots, to walk where my dear parents had made deep imprints in the soil of the Cederberg. My parents were like two precious cedar trees that had left to be with Father God in their beautiful eternal home.

That evening we were both very tired from the day’s traveling on the many roads in the mountains, and I fell into a deep, sound sleep. It was a rest which I sorely needed to replenish my strength. My spirit also needed rest from the exhaustion of the long journeys on which the Holy Spirit took me.

27. The almond is opened

Wednesday, September 19, 2007

My morning quiet times at the hot-water springs were very special. There were no cellphones or

telephones that could interrupt these precious moments. Frank and I were able to spend time with God unhindered by anything - him on the front porch, and I in the privacy of our unit's backyard.

I was reading from the Bible when the Spirit carried me away. I saw the angels first. They seemed very busy around the baskets with the almonds. They were cracking open the almond husks. One of the angels brought an almond kernel and put it in my hand. I looked at it in surprise, uncertain what I must do with it. While I was looking at the perfect kernel, Jesus suddenly appeared next to me. I showed Him the opened almond and looked up into his face.

"Come Hephzibah, we must go to the Father. He is waiting for us," He said tenderly.

We were taken into Father God's heart. There I knelt, worshipping Him. Jesus came closer and we became one in spirit. In complete wonder I stood like a spectator watching myself. I was completely taken into Jesus' spiritual body. I looked up in awe at the light shining in Father God's heart. Suddenly I wondered what this moment was revealing to me:

Just as the kernel of the almond only becomes visible once the husk is opened, I had to go through different processes before the truth could be revealed to me. 1 Peter 1:23 says: "For you have been born again, not of perishable seed, but of imperishable, through the living and enduring word of God." I understood that I had become one with Jesus. And together we are one with Father God and the Holy Spirit.

"Yes, you understand correctly. I can't see you anymore, I only see my beloved Son. He has become everything in you, daughter-Hephzibah."

For the first time I understood what Galatians 2:20 means: "I no longer live, but Christ lives in me." John 17:21 confirms: "...that all of them may be one, Father, just as you are in me and I am in you. May they also be in us..." Verse 23 says: "I in them and you in me. May they be brought to complete unity to let the world know that you sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me." I first had to understand: THIS was the truth which had to be opened up inside me so that I could fully understand the reality of the seed, and its meaning.

Father God made it possible for me by perfecting the process. Initially the almond grove was full of blossoms that eventually became almond fruit. Finally the husks were opened so that the kernels could be revealed.

"Do you understand now, my daughter? You first had to discover the truth for yourself. You had to open the husk of the almond and get to the kernel, or seed, inside: My Son is the Truth, and He is the living seed. Yeshua is the seed which gives life. Matthew 13:37 and 39 says: "The one who sowed the good seed, is the Son of Man... The harvest is the end of the age, and harvesters are angels." I nodded in agreement.

"Your life first had to be fully implanted in Him before you could understand this. It is a truth you understand with your heart, not with your intellect. Only when you become one with my Son do I see Him, my beloved Yeshua, in you. He is above all. The perfect one."

"Yes, Daddy, I now understand this, too. It is not a fact written on paper; it is the living Word engraved in my heart. It is not enough just to know about Jesus. I must truly know Him intimately. I must learn how to know Him the way a husband knows his wife."

"You are right, my daughter, but I wanted you to discover this for yourself. You had to become one with my Son so that we can truly be one in spirit, in truth and in righteousness."

I listened to his voice in awe. Again, the most incredible light shone in Father God's heart whilst I sat there bathed in his holy presence.

"I bless my beloved Son," I heard Father God say. I looked up into the Light. "You are now part this Fatherly blessing, my daughter, for we are truly one. Go in peace, beloved daughter."

Even though I could not see Father God, the almond seed was put on my tongue and He said: "Take the seed of life. This is your inheritance. An inheritance which came to you because my Son died for you on the cross. Through this inheritance, my beloved Son, you receive complete access to Me. Through Him, you received the seed of eternal life."

The impact of this holy moment was so great I could hardly speak. I softly stuttered: "Thank you, Abba Father. Thank You for this precious gift beyond measure: The pearl which carries no price tag. You opened the fruit of truth inside me. Thank you, Holy Spirit, for You teach me and lead me in all truth."

Jesus says in John 14:20: "On that day you will realise that I am in my Father, and you are in me, and I am in you."

Now I also understood the inter-connection explained in Colossians 2:11: "In him you were also circumcised, in putting off the old sinful nature, not with a circumcision done by the hands of men but with the circumcision done by Christ..."

I knelt in adoration before Father God, one in Spirit with Jesus, and through Jesus, one in Spirit with Father God. Later I recognized Jesus' voice when He said to me: "From now on you are part of Me. We are bound together with an everlasting natal cord, for you are in Me. When you pray to the Father, I also pray on your behalf. I AM the key which unlocks the Father's heart for the prayers of his children. When you lay on hands, it is I who do the work through you, Hephzibah. I had to wait until you truly understand this so that you will run willingly into my heart and become one with Me in spirit.

I looked up and saw the soft light in his eyes. He continued:

"Come, beloved one, run to Me whenever the cross you carry becomes too heavy for you. Run to Me when you have to lay hands on someone, for I will do it through you. I am the one who does everything for you. Do you understand this, dearest little sister?"

"I understand, Lord, but please keep me anchored in your heart; every second of the day, for then I will not be uncertain or scared.

"Just run to me, dearest child. Jointly we nestle in the loving heart of Father God, inseparably woven together as if we are one.

"All of this was part of a process of growing, Hephzibah. The closer you live to Me, the more you will want to be with Me. From now on you do not have to wait for the Holy Spirit to carry you to Me.



Now that we are one, you are a permanent part of Me, every second of the day. You live in Me, and I in you. You can come into my presence at any time. You will also be able to go out from the kingdom of heaven. Through the Spirit you will be able to move in and out, for I am the key that unlocks the house of the King. You are now in possession of that key. Is this clear to you, my Hephzibah?"

I sat quietly for a long time, meditating on his words. Later I answered: "I think I understand, Father, but it is all so new to me."

"Trust me with your whole heart, soul and spirit, little one. Trust me with the faith of innocent child."

"That I can understand, Yeshua."

Jesus sighed softly. "Do you see now? I told you it would not be that difficult to understand. You must be patient. Trust in Me, and then wait. Everything is a process and takes time. Only trust in Me. Luke 18:17 tells you: "I tell you the truth, anyone who does not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it."

I was then brought back by the Spirit.

For the rest of the day I was like someone walking on clouds. A fountain bubbled inside of me, an inner knowledge, a deep joy which I called: Shalom. Peace in Father God. Shalom-joy in Jesus, Shalom-trust in the Holy Spirit.

I had been wondering for weeks about the revelation hidden in the hard shell of the almond. At times I was so hurried and anxious to discover the secret of the almond kernel. I understood that I had to grow spiritually to realise the value of the precious pearl Father God had put in my hands. It was necessary for me to become one with Jesus so that I could understand that He was the seed that gives life. That Jesus was the precious pearl. That He is the almond rod. That his blood purifies everything and makes forgiveness possible. He is everything.

I first had to understand in spirit what it meant to be one with Jesus, and one with Father God. I had to live it in the flesh to understand it in spirit. I first had to perceive, before I could receive: To walk with God as Enoch did, I had to become one with the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Jesus. To get there I had to learn what it means to live in the Spirit.

What an incredible discovery! Even more: What a precious treasure to cherish! Now I can walk the road without fear, for it is not I who must carry the cross of Jesus. Jesus will carry the cross for me.

I don't have to break open the truths in the book - Jesus has revealed them to me by his Spirit and He will reveal it to others. It was as if I could hear the Holy Spirit whisper the words when I remembered Colossians 1:26: "...the mystery that has been kept hidden for ages and generations, but is now disclosed to the saints." It is He who looks through my eyes into the unseen, the invisible; it is He who brings healing to broken people. It is He. It is He. Only He. All honour to Him who is, who was, and who will come. The eternal, living, almighty God.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God, the Almighty. He who was, who is and who will come, my heart called out in worship and adoration.

## 28. The day of anointment

Thursday, September 20, 2007

That afternoon I listened to the exuberant noises of the different birds in the backyard of our chalet at the hot-water springs. The week had flown past, and there was only one day left before we returned back home. The sun look like molten gold as it fell over the flowerbeds.

I spontaneously said a prayer of thanksgiving and praised God for the beautiful day He had blessed us with. The Spirit carried me away to Father God's heart. I knelt before God and worshipped Him. Then Jesus appeared next to me.

"Come, Hephzibah, today I want to show you something very special," He said and took my arm.

We moved through the passages in God's veins. The doors opened up automatically in front of us until we walked into a beautiful garden. We moved over lush green lawns. All was peaceful and the light fell softly on the garden and winding paths. I was happy just to be with my beloved Jesus; so grateful to be in his presence.

"What are you going to show me, Lord? Where are we going to?" I asked. I looked up and wondered if the eagle would take us up into the sky again, but there was no sign of the spectacular silver-coloured bird. "Words cannot describe how glorious it is to be in your presence, Lord. I am so content when I am with you," I called out, beaming with happiness. I heard Him laugh softly. It was good to hear Him laugh.

While we were walking I heard the far off thundering of a waterfall. It became louder and louder as we moved closer to a hill in front of us. I stopped and shouted out in excitement as we turned a corner in the pathway and saw the foaming water right in front of us. On each side of the fall a row of exquisite angels stood.

Their delicate, shiny wings vibrated and the colours were breathtaking. Another row of angels surrounded the pool below the waterfall. It felt as if my heart leapt at the sight of such incredible beauty. When we got closer I saw that it was not ordinary water. It was more like silver, crystal clear oil.

I later realised that the falling liquid, or oil, was poured from large jugs by angels to create the fall. It was cool and tranquil at the pool. Only the sound of falling crystal clear liquid broke the silence. Jesus led me to the pool. "Today is a very significant day, Hephzibah, for you will receive the full anointing."

"Anointing of what, Lord?" I asked naively.

"Come with me, I will tell you more about it." Jesus took me by the hand and we went into the pool of oil until we were completely submerged.

"It is real oil!" I called out in amazement as the oil washed through my fingers.

"Yes, of course. It is anointing oil. Come, we must go deeper."

Jesus took me deeper into the pool. The oil was clear and transparent and I could see Him clearly under the surface. Suddenly it became darker. When I looked up in surprise, I saw what was happening.

With outspread wings, the angels formed a dome-shaped roof over us that covered the pool.

"Father God loves you very much, Hephzibah, and I love you just as much," He said almost formally.

“I love you too, Yeshua,” I answered and pressed my hands against his chest. He looked down at me, the wonderful light again shining from his

eyes. “I want to anoint you today, my beloved,” Jesus said. Then He put both his hands on my head, one hand above the other with the nail marks exactly aligned. The oil flowed through the holes where his hands were pierced at the cross, and ran down over my head.

“I anoint you today to empower you to lay hands on others, and to speak healing in my Name. By my wounds, the sick can be healed. You are anointed today, and you now receive the authority to lay hands on others in my Name.

“You carry the almond seed inside you. I am the seed of life. Look here,” He said.

I looked down and saw the almond rod in my hand. In amazement I realised that all the almonds were open and the kernels were exposed. Jesus took some of the kernels and put them in my mouth. They were fresh and fragrant, and tasted like real almonds.

“I am the seed that gives life. I am also the fruit. I am the Word. Come, eat of my fruit.

Jesus again rested his hands on my head.

“How is it possible to speak healing over the sick, Lord?” I asked.

“Come to Me and run into Me. You were anointed today with the Spirit of healing. This is of great importance and you must write down the date. Today is the beginning of a new season in your life.”

We remained standing there for quite a while; completely covered by the oil. Jesus’ hands remained on my head. Later I felt how my body became warm, almost as if there was a fire burning inside me. Suddenly the angels opened up the winged dome above us. A window formed through which a soft bright light fell over us where we were standing in the pool of oil.

“This is a special blessing for you from Father.”

I looked up into the light shining from above and I was bathed in the wonderful, gentle love of Father God. His love was caught up in the light which covered us like a cocoon. For me, this was an indescribable, Godly moment. An appointment with the living God. I have never experienced anything like this, and the presence of God was almost tangible.

“The sun will no more be your light by day, nor will the brightness of the moon shine on you; for the

LORD will be your everlasting light and your God will be your glory.” (Isaiah 60:19).

After a long time Jesus lifted his hands. “You must write down this experience, Hephzibah.”

“I will, Yeshua, but it is such bliss to be with You! I want to stay here.”

“I know, but you must go.”

“Yes, Lord.”

We were shiny with oil when we stepped out of the water. The crystal clear oil dripped from our bodies. The angels stayed around the pool when we left. On the way back, I noticed that the almond rod was still in my hand.

“You must write down everything exactly as it happened, Hephzibah. There are still many things I must teach you, but we will meet again, little one.” While He was talking, He was taken away.

After the Spirit brought me back, I was like someone who had been dreaming. I could not believe what had happened to me. It was such a holy moment that I could not even share it with Frank. It felt sacred - something very personal and special.

How would I ever be able to relate the incredible wonder of this day’s events? Will people believe me? Will they ask for concrete evidence?

“You do not have to prove anything,” the Holy Spirit prompted. “You must wait until Father empowers you to do what you have been called to do. When the time is right, you will have the confirmation in your spirit.”

For the rest of the day I felt deeply moved and I wanted to be on my own to digest all that had happened. At one point, I spoke silently to Him: “Lord God, I want to love you and trust you like a child. Teach me how to, Lord. You are my life; my happiness and joy are in you alone. I love you sincerely, Father God. It is wonderful to flow in the Godly plan and purpose you have for my life. And such a privilege. To write this assignment for you is glorious, for it is your book. Your special message, your letter to your children, Father. I do not deserve your goodness and the favour you have shown me, Lord. Help me so that I won’t disappoint you. Please help me in my weakness. I remain weak and uncertain in the flesh, Father. I beg you, please carry me in your strong hands when everything becomes too much. In my own strength I can never do it. I need you desperately, Lord, and I am dependent on your help.”

I heard his voice clearly: “Be still and know that I am God. I will never leave you, nor forsake you. Never, my child.” The words of Isaiah 30:15 confirmed: “...in quietness and trust is your strength.” This precious encouragement took me into the rest of Father God, and I could face what remained of the day with renewed inspiration.

Sunday, September 23, 2007

I woke up late that night. It became very clear to me that there was a resemblance between the kernel of the almond fruit and the kingdom of Father God. Only when we enter his holy presence as his children can we really understand the heart of God. This was made possible by the death of our beloved Yeshua and because the

curtain of the temple had been torn. Now we can pray directly to Father God. Hebrew 10: 19-20 says: "...since we have confidence to enter the Most Holy Place by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way opened for us through the curtain, that is, his body." It is only when I become one with God through Jesus Christ and experience the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, that I can understand the meaning of the life-giving seed symbolised by the kernel of the almond). The husk of the almond had to be opened before I could get to the kernel.

Symbolically, I could only eat the almond kernel once I had become one in Spirit with Jesus. There is a further similarity between the seed of the almond and the covenant meal. When we have Communion, we partake of the bread which represents his body, and we share in his death on the cross. Partaking of the bread also confirms the veil which must be removed before we can enter the holiness of God. I could only eat the almond seed after I had become part of Him in a personal and intimate relationship. To celebrate the covenant meal has required a whole new meaning for me. The Spirit has revealed to me that this covenant meal should be a daily meal with the Father, Son and Holy Spirit: An intimacy which must be renewed daily. In this way the journeys with Yeshua over the past few weeks and the incredible intimacy I have experienced with Father God, will always be like fresh manna.

The seed that I must sow is the Word that I must spread. Jesus is that Word. There is only one way God's children can be sure of their eternal inheritance in Jesus: No one can come to the Father except through his Son. Jesus is the door to eternal life. He is the life-giving seed. Jesus is the seed, the kernel, inside the almond. He is the manna. When we partake of Him, we will never hunger again. Jesus is the way, the truth and the life. He is our only hope of eternal glory.

How much have I learnt to love Father God! How irrevocable is my love for Yeshua! How great my admiration for the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God! Father God did not only take me on these journeys to expose Satan's evil. It was not just a journey to the throne-room. It was not simply a journey to heavenly places.

It was a journey to get to the heart of the Father. How can I ever repay God for the amazing grace and compassion that He has shown me? I want to sing Him a song of praise. I want to love Him for as long as I live. He loves us so much that He gave his only beloved Son, the apple of his eye, to die on the cross so that we can be saved: For us to live and one day experience the new Jerusalem, the wonderful city with streets of gold, and to be with Yeshua, Prince of Heaven.

What more can we ask? What more can we desire than to sit at his pierced feet, touch the nail marks on his hands and look up into his eyes full of light and love?

29 . The crystal pool

Monday, September 24, 2007

It was very peaceful in the house this morning. Frank and I each enjoyed our quiet time individually.

Because the Spirit revealed to me that the seed of the almond can also be symbolic of intimacy with God by celebrating the covenant meal, we decided to do this more regularly. If the Spirit leads any one of us to have communion on our own, or with others, we must obey. I therefore had a covenant meal early that morning. As I was alone in the house, I could talk to God aloud. I honoured Jesus for dying on the cross so that we can become whole again. I thanked Him for his precious blood that was spilt to erase my sins, and remove them so far away from me that even God do not recognise them anymore.

The Spirit of God then carried me into the heart of the Father where I sat in worship at his feet. God's light shone over me from above. In the palm of my left hand was the precious pearl.

In my right hand was the almond rod, covered in almonds. Inside the cracked shells of the almonds lay the golden brown kernels. Suddenly the pearl changed into a perfectly formed diamond. I could not believe what I saw! I heard Father God's voice say: "This flawless diamond is my beloved Son, Yeshua. He is the darling of heaven, the apple of my eye, the bridegroom. He is the perfect, flawless diamond."

"Almighty Father in heaven, there is no one like you, my God. Your incredible love and compassion surpasses all understanding. I cannot determine the depth or height or breadth of your unfailing love. I honour you, Lord, for who you are."

Romans 11:33 says: "Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable his judgements, and his paths beyond tracing out!" Tears ran down my cheeks as the moment was too great and overwhelming for me to contain.

"Father, this morning I feel so very lonely. I wonder who will ever believe what I have experienced during these wonderful journeys with you."

While I was kneeling before Him, two angels arrived and covered my head with layers of delicate pieces of material in different colours; they fell over my face like a veil. The veil was transparent and suddenly I saw Jesus standing next to me. He held out his hand and said softly: "Come, little one. There is something else I want to show you.

The angels took the veil from my head. I put my hand in Jesus' and we climbed to the top of a staircase. Large sliding doors opened silently in front of us. We looked over a breathtaking valley. Soft mist hung over the vale and the bottom of the valley was visible. The ridges were clothed in a kaleidoscope of flowers; the colours were amazing.

"I can't see what is happening down there, Yeshua," I said. Suddenly the haziness cleared. I drew in my breath audibly, for the beauty of what I saw was beyond words. Clear water flowed from a little river into a pool. Like diamonds and crystals, the water shone so brilliantly in the light that I could barely look at it. Soft colours, like those of the rainbow, hung over the pool. We descended down a white staircase which looked like marble. When we got to the crystal pool, the water was even more beautiful than what I saw from above. It was pure, transparent crystal. The bottom of the pool was whiter than snow, and spotlessly clean. It was a Godly beauty, as Song of Songs 4:12 describes: "A garden locked is

my sister, my bride, a rock garden locked, a spring sealed up.” (New American Standard Bible). Jesus took my hand and silently led me into the pool. There we remained standing, with the crystal clear water reaching up to our knees. (Revelations 22:10). The feelings of sadness flowed out of me and I looked up into the light which shone from Him.

“Do you feel better now, beloved child? I am always with you. I have promised you this. Come to Me whenever you long for my presence. I am waiting for you.”

“Thank you, wonderful Lord. I will remember this. There are times when I feel so isolated whilst I am writing your book. It feels as if any assignment is too much for me to handle.”

“I will teach you everything you must know, and there is so much more. Just trust in Me.”

“I believe and trust you, Lord. Please do not leave me alone, I beg you, Lord.”

He put his arms around me and answered tenderly: “Remain in my rest.”

We remained standing like this for a long time before we slowly moved out of the water. “It is time for you to go back, Hephzibah.”

“Yes, my Lord. Thank you for this wonderful privilege to see the beautiful crystal pool. I will treasure this precious memory in my heart, Yeshua.”

“This is my secret place, Hephzibah. I could only show you this with Father’s permission. Now you know how special you are to Him.”

“Thank you, Yeshua. I love you deeply”

“I love you too, Hephzibah. Come, we must go.”

We went back via the staircase. This mistiness had descended over the pool and it was invisible from the top of the stairs. The sliding doors opened silently and closed behind us after we had gone through. We were taken back into the heart of Father God. There the angels waited with the veils.

“Remain in Father’s rest, beloved child,” Jesus said.

The angels again covered my head with the veils. I lay down and rested in God’s heart. Jesus left quietly.

Thereafter the Spirit brought me back.

This event was very special to me: Precious and of immeasurable value; just like the exquisite diamond which I had held in my hand.

For the rest of the day, even at the gym, I remained preoccupied by the events of the morning. This was something that no one can ever take away from me. No one. Ever. Jesus has shared something very special with me. Truly, to know Jesus, surpasses all other things (Philippians 3: 8).

As usual when things got too much for me to understand or to absorb, tears simply poured down my cheeks. But these were the tears of a heart overflowing: A prayer of thanksgiving in liquid form.

30. The school of learning  
Thursday, September 27, 2007

During the past week I had to take a number of rather drastic and radical decisions which were emotionally taxing.

Amongst other things I had to decide whether I wanted to let my lovely town house or sell it. The house gave me a certain amount of security. A little piece of earth where I could sit down in peace, knowing that everything had been paid for. To get the right tenant was always a problem, and the income from letting it, not that much.

“To whom does this house really belong? Where did you get the money to buy the house, my daughter?” I heard God ask.

“Everything came from You. Every cent I received from your hand, Father, and I thank you for this.”

“Then this is my house, my child,” I heard Him say.

“Yes, Father God.”

“Why do you not trust me with my house?”

Reality hit me like a hammer. Everything I own, belongs to God. I only manage it on his behalf. Everything I am, belongs to Him. The night before I placed God’s house in the safety of his hands. This morning I phoned the letting agent and withdrew the house from the market. I asked an estate agent to sell the house.

During quiet time, I simply sat in Father God’s heart before Him. I wanted to remain in his wonderful presence and rest there with Him. I asked Him to take away all the unnecessary worry, for I had been worrying about his house. While I sat there, four angels arrived with a square carpet made of hide. It was light in colour, almost white. An angel stood at each of the four corners and I had to climb onto it. Then they lifted it and we moved out of Father God’s heart.

Once outside, I looked about in curiosity. I was completely surprised for I could not really recognise anything. There was a vague green glimmer of what could once have been grass.

But as far as I could see, the veld was dry and parched. It wasn’t really a desert landscape, but more like a drought-stricken area.

I don’t understand what I should be looking at,” I said aloud.

We moved further before we descended and the angels put me down gently on the ground. While I was looking at the bleak landscape, Jesus appeared next to me.

“I don’t understand why I have to see this dry, parched land, Lord. Why are we here?” I asked.

Jesus did not answer me. I looked up, and like many times before during my journeys, I became both participant and spectator. I saw myself walking next to Jesus. I saw the two crosses behind us. Suddenly



Jesus stopped and looked up. I looked up too, and in surprise saw a lovely, huge snow-white dove flying towards us. When it came close, it changed into a magnificent eagle. I saw the powerful claws clearly. The eagle's right claw grabbed the back of Jesus' garment, and with its left claw it took hold of my robe. Together we were lifted into the sky.

"What is going on, my Lord? Where are we going to?" I asked in surprise.

Jesus pointed downwards. We were very high up and the fallow ground was far below us. I looked at Jesus and saw the claw of the eagle holding Him securely.

"Hephzibah, I want to lead you in all truth. You must trust me, my child."

I looked down again.

"Do you think the eagle will loose its grip on Me?" He asked.

"Never, Lord, for you are God," I answered.

"Then it will never let you fall either, my sister, for I am in you. Learn to trust Me. I will never fail you. Just like eagle's claw closes tightly when he takes his prey up into the air, my hand will be under you. You must trust my word, Hephzibah."

"Yes, Lord," I answered softly and nodded in agreement.

The eagle slowly descended, and put us down softly on the ground before it flew away. The angels with the hide mat came closer. I had to climb back on again, and while I was taken up into the air, Jesus also left. I was taken back into Father God's heart and thereafter the Spirit brought me back.

I had become completely at peace about the sale of the house. Even though I had no idea what the chances were for a sale in future, I decided to put my trust in God. It is truly liberating to realise that we can put all our troubles in his hand, for He wants to carry them for us. Often when we give Him our problems, we just take them up again, and try to carry them ourselves.

Father God had to help me with this process of learning how to trust. I had to learn how to hear the voice of the Holy Spirit, and trust Him with what He told me: Like a child trusts his parents, I had to learn how to trust Abba Father unconditionally. And what a load He took off my shoulders today! I give Him all the thanks, honour and glory.

31. The tunnel of the unknown.

Saturday, September 29, 2007

Just before it was time to get up, I was taken away in the spirit. I again found myself inside God's heart, sitting before Him. A very large angel came towards me. He was exceptionally tall. His wings were beautiful and strong and I could not tear my eyes away from him. The wings had a silvery blue glow. He said to me: "Come, it is time."

I immediately stood up and followed him. "Where are we going to?" I asked.

He did not answer. I was so small in comparison to the angel. We went down the long passage and got to a place where two doors opened silently before us. We moved for quite a distance, and then got to a place which was quite dark. In front of us was a heap of waste which we had to cross. This was all very strange, as everything in heaven is so orderly, clean and well maintained. On the other side of the rubble we ended up in a long, dark tunnel. I felt uncomfortable as I looked around me. We went a long way down the tunnel. There were white, shiny reflector arrows on the floor that indicated direction. We followed the arrows.

"This is the tunnel of the unknown. In this tunnel you only walk in faith. Obstacles will come your way, but you must keep moving on, and only trust in God."

"How do I know that I am on the right path?"

A snow-white dove suddenly came flying out of the dark. The angel answered: "The Holy Spirit will lead you. You are one with Yeshua and He is one with the Father. He in you, and you in Him."

In the darkness in front of us, there was a light similar to a flashlight directed at us on the path.

"Can I please hold your hand?" I asked the angel.

"You will never be on your own, because I have been instructed to stay with you. Walk in faith."

It felt as if we would never see the end of the tunnel, for we walked for a very long time. "Where does the tunnel lead to?" I asked later.

"To the end of the road," the angel replied softly.

"But where is it?"

He did not answer, just kept going silently beside me. I was eager to get to the end of the dark tunnel, and was terribly relieved when I at last saw a square frame of light in the distance. Through the window fell an incredible golden light.

I pulled forward, but we had to remain standing still for a while.

"The light is too bright, I can't see," I said.

"It is the light of God's presence. His light awaits you at the end of the tunnel," the angel answered.

We slowly moved closer to the window, and waited there for a long time. Suddenly we were taken into the light, and I could see nothing but light around me.

"What do you see?" I heard a soft voice ask.

"Only the beautiful light," I answered.

"This is the light of eternity, and it will never be extinguished."

I looked around me in amazement. The light was soft and golden and incredibly beautiful.

"Please tell me this is not just a dream, Father," I asked.

"You must only believe, my daughter. This is a matter of faith."

The gigantic eagle appeared and took me out of the light. We flew over a huge area which looked like a dark sea. There was a boat bobbing on the rough water.

"Your sight must be practised until you develop the sharp sight of the eagle, my daughter."

"What happens with your book, Father? What must I do with it?"

"Follow the prompting of the Holy Spirit."

Then Abba showed me a printed book.

“It is on the verge of happening, my daughter.”

I went back into Father God’s heart. Jesus waited there for me. He held a beautiful, delicate little golden crown in his hand. “You have chosen the King, and now this little crown belongs to you, darling child.”

“Why must I carry the crown, Yeshua? I don’t need a crown. I have You.”

“Just like queen Esther, you will stand in the gap for many people, Hephzibah.”

I remembered that Esther 4:14 had been prophesied over me: “And who knows that you have come to a royal position for such a time as this?” I wanted to ask more questions, but was lifted and layed down on my back in the stream of water which flows into God’s heart. The water covered me completely and flowed gently over me.

After a while I was helped to stand up and then dried. Jesus was next to me.

“It is time for you to be cleansed of the terrible things you were exposed to during the revelations in the depths of hell. We will meet again.”

I knelt before Jesus and rested my head on his lap. “I so much want to stay with you, Yeshua.”

“Dearest Hephzibah, you have chosen the King and therefore you also have Me. Remember this.”

“This is good, my Lord. I am so happy.”

Softly I whispered the words of Philippians 3:8 to Him: “I consider everything a loss compared to the surpassing greatness of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord.”

Jesus stroked my hair. “We will meet again.”

Then the Spirit brought me back.

When I later read my Bible, the Lord took me to Jeremiah 33:3: “Call to me and I will answer you and tell you great and unsearchable things you do not know.” I sat before God feeling small and deeply humbled. How good He has been to me through the years. He has always remained faithful. And now He is allowing me to see these incredible things! How can I ever thank Him for his goodness? I can only sing a song of praise; I can only honour the King of heaven, the One who was, the One who is, and the One who will come. God the Almighty. Holy is the Lord.

Revelations 22:13 testify to the greatness of my God: “I am the Alpha and the Omega, The First and the Last, the Beginning and the End.”

How awesome is his glory, his faithfulness and mercy. Everlasting, eternal God. There is no one like Him.

While I was talking to Father God in prayer, the Spirit carried me away to the beach where Jesus was waiting for me as He had done many times before. I ran into his arms. We stood like this for a long time. Without words, surrounded by silence.

“I longed to be with you, beloved Yeshuah,” I said and looked up at Him.

This time I could see his face clearly. Jesus allowed me to touch his face with my hand. He smiled and I could see that He liked it. He took my hand and said as usual: “Come, we must go.”

“Where are we going, Yeshua?” I asked.

He shook his head, almost as if He was expecting my question. I felt a little self conscious because I was always so curious to know where we were going to. There was a bright light in his eyes. He looked down at me again. We walked over the soft white sand. We wore snow-white clothes and held nothing in our hands. On the side of the bay there was a little rowing boat. We got in.

We used wooden oars to row in the beginning and it was quite difficult, but later the boat moved forward by itself. It was so peaceful being with Him, and I felt truly happy. “When I am back on earth, I miss you so much Yeshua,” I told Him.

There was a bay with white sand on the other side of the lake. We got out of the boat and followed a clearly visible white pathway which wound its way up and over the hills. At one stage we followed the path down to a valley where a village was visible.

For a moment I thought it looked like Wuppertal, a mission station near Clanwilliam where I once lived for a few years. However, we did not go to the village, but up a steep mountain path.

“The path ahead will not be easy. At times you will find obstacles along the way,” is all Jesus said.

At times I looked at Him questioningly, and I was concerned about where we were going to, but I just followed Him willingly. On top of the mountain, there was also a square, open window through which a light shone. The light shone down from heaven through an open tunnel. We were taken into the tunnel of light and into Father God’s heart that was normally light pink in colour, but this time it was pure white. The light was soft and muted. Two angels came forward silently and wrapped me in a wide, white piece of cloth, which looked almost like a linen blanket. The angels took hands with the other angels and stood in a circle around me.

Their wings moved to and fro whilst they gave slow, dance-like steps. Thereafter they lay me down on a soft white flowerbed in Father God’s heart. I looked at Jesus in surprise and said: “I do not understand what is happening, Lord.”

I heard Him answer: “Be still, my child. I will personally go with you on the path which lies ahead.”

While I was resting in God’s heart, wrapped in the white linen blanket, the Spirit brought me back.

The whole journey was different to the others. I got the feeling that I had almost come to the end of my revelations for this book. Had it become time to sow the seed of God’s Word, the almonds? To fulfil his command: “Go, tell my children.” This was after all the reason why He made me in the first place. This was my calling. I had been taken on these journeys so that Satan and his terror could be uncovered.

God's children need to know how dangerous and cunning the enemy really is.

But there is also the victorious message of hope which encourages God's children in John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life." This is our hope of eternal glory. It is our only weapon against the craftiness of Satan who is out to destroy, tempt and deceive us.

I didn't want the supernatural journeys to end. The past three months I experienced such intimacy with God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit. I have been taught how to hear God's voice clearly. It was almost unthinkable that these revelations would come to an end. But deep inside I knew there was so much more I had to learn and experience. Even the angels had become dear and familiar to me. I had come to know well the angel who accompanied me on the journeys to the dark abyss. It was precious and incredibly special to be aware of the angel wherever I went.

### 33. Back to hell

Wednesday, October 3, 2007

At about half past ten in the morning I sat down in my usual chair to do Bible study. While I was asking Father to bless our time together, the Spirit carried me into Father God's heart. I saw myself lying there, resting, wrapped in the linen blanket, in the exact place where I was before. On either side of my head sat an angel with stretched out wings. Just beyond my feet Yeshua was moving to and fro. He seemed apprehensive.

God's heart looked completely different to all the other times. It looked like a cave inside, with rocky walls. I was very confused for I could not understand this at all.

All of a sudden a lovely white dove appeared and hovered above my head making gentle flying movements with its wings. It then disappeared into my body.

"Why are you so disturbed, Yeshua? I do not understand!" I called out.

While I was lying there, it became pitch dark for a short while. I realised that a change had taken place in time and in place. I was aware of something moving in the dark, but this was confusing to me. Then a bright white light shone into the cave, and one wall disappeared. Suddenly we were all gone. God's heart, which had looked like a cave on the inside, was completely empty. I was gone, so were the angels and Jesus. The light lit up the empty cave for a moment. I was sure that it was empty. But then I saw a deep shaft snaking downwards into the ground. It was almost as wide as a borehole. Then something peculiar and very difficult to explain within Biblical context happened.

I saw myself in the shape of a square little white granite block. I was again both spectator and participant. The little granite block tumbled down the shaft which twisted and turned in many places. A

bright light shone over the tumbling little block. It seemed like a search light. Every time I hoped that we had reached the bottom of the shaft, we tumbled down even further. We finally ended up in a pool of mud. The white light still illuminated the little granite block.

“What is happening, Lord? Where is the angel? Where are you, Lord God? Why do I feel that you have forsaken me?” I felt very lonely. Unexpectedly the pool of mud changed into a huge dark cave. When I looked up, I realised that I was in the throne-room of Satan. In front of me was the spiky black throne with Satan himself sitting on the throne. On either side of the throne stood his angels. They

had awful, huge black wings and their pronged forks again and again struck at me. Satan sneered and I could see that he found this incident enjoyable and amusing. He and his angels looked at the little granite block with contempt and moved towards it with menace.

The little block suddenly changed into a large white granite rock. A sharp light fell over the rock and it became even brighter. Satan and his angels came to a halt in alarm, then retreated and fled deeply into the back of the cave.

“Lord God, I beg you, do not leave me. I want to go back to your heart, Father. Help me, Lord God. I beg you, do not leave me!

Where are you? Why do I feel so God forsaken?” I pleaded anxiously.

Jesus’ voice came to me: “You are not alone, my child, you are in Me, for I am your everlasting rock.”

I felt relieved, but still traumatised. Psalm 18:2 tells about Jesus, our eternal rock: “The LORD is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer, My God, my rock, in whom I take refuge; My shield and the horn of my salvation, my stronghold.” (New American Standard Bible).

God spoke to me clearly and said: “Go, tell my children there is no end to the misery of hell. It is unending darkness, eternal night. Tell them this, for my children must know the truth.”

“I will do this, Lord, but you must never leave me, I beseech you, please do not.”

“After my death on the cross I was alone in hell for three days. You must know what had happened when I went down to hell, for this too you must tell to my children. It must be written in the book.”

“I will do this for You but please do not leave me here alone. Take me back with You, Father. Please take me back to your heart. I cannot bear this loneliness. It is too much for me, Lord. Please take me back, I beg you, Lord.”

I experienced the most dreadful, disturbing loneliness. It was the desolation of hell. It was so severe that I could not bear it. I begged God over and over to take me back. It was inhuman and terrifying. To feel forsaken by God, is the worst any person can ever experience. There is nothing more terrifying.

The Spirit took me back into Father God's heart.

In my spirit I simply could not bear to be in the place of darkness. But what about Him? What about Jesus? He had to stay there so that He could overcome hell itself.

How terrible it must have been for Him! He who had to carry the weight of the whole world's sin.

I cried often during the rest of the day for the thought that I had left my beloved Yeshua alone in Satan's throne-room haunted me. Later that evening I sat down alone at Father God's feet. I cried before Him, for I had no words. While I was sitting on the carpet, I felt a hand on my shoulder. When I looked up, Yeshua was next to me. I jumped up hurriedly.

"Yeshua! I am so terribly sorry, but I could not bear to be without the Father. It was too much for me. I thought I had left You alone in that awful place, that I failed You by going back into Father's heart. I am sorry, Jesus. What happened to You when You were there on your own, Lord?"

"Remember that we are one, child. When you came back, I was in you, and you were in me."

"I did not see you, Lord."

"There are times when you have to blindly trust Me, without seeing the evidence. When I promise never to leave or forsake you, you must accept my word, for I cannot lie. I AM GOD, not a man."

He put his arms around me and held me close to Him. His hand stroked my hair.

"I could not bear to think of you being alone in hell, Yeshua. It was unbearable."

"I wanted you to experience the God-forsakenness so that you will understand it. My children must know that it is impossible to exist without God. It is intolerable, dearest one. Without Father, it is hell."

"Lord, how did you go through three days in hell without Father God, the three days after your death on the cross?"

"To feel forsaken by God was worse than the death on the cross, my sister."

"Yeshua, you did all this for me, and for everyone in the world! This is why I love you so much, Master."

"I did it for my children, because my love for them is far greater than the suffering I had to endure on the cross. No one can ever fathom the depths of my amazing love, Hephzibah. Tell this to my children. Tell them that my deep love is for one and for all. Tell them that I lay down my life voluntarily so that everyone now has the choice to become part of my family in the kingdom of heaven. This will make them kingdom children. You have experienced how it feels to be separated from Father God. You must tell them how very difficult this was for you. There is nothing as terrifying as this. Nothing is as destitute as a place without God. My children must know this. Warn them in time."

"Lord, it was terrible. I could not bear it, even though I knew you were there, for You are the Rock wherein I can hide. But even in spite of this, I could not stand it. To be without Father God, is unbearable."

“I know that, little one. I know it only too well. I have been there.”

Jesus stood quietly next to me for a long time. Then He whispered: “It was terrible for you, my child. I knew it, but still you had to experience it.”

“I love you so very much, Lord Jesus.”

“And I love you even more, dearest Hephzibah.”

He then left.

### 34. Descent to hell

Thursday, October 4, 2007

I woke up at about six in the morning. I was still feeling very depressed because I felt a heaviness in my heart. It was something like the feeling of Godforsakenness which Jesus also experienced when He descended down to hell after his crucifixion. Mark 15:34 describes it touchingly: “And at the ninth hour Jesus cried out in a loud voice, “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachtani?” - which means, “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

I prayed softly: “Father God, I am willing to go back to the depths of hell. I must know what Yeshua went through when He went there after his crucifixion. I have to tell your children. I have to know.”

The Spirit took me into Father God’s heart. I heard his voice say: “Do not be afraid, my Rock is there to protect you. Come, and I’ll refresh your memory about what happened when you went down together with the Rock. Together with Jesus. Do you remember the little white rock tumbling down the shaft? How you landed in the pool of mud, and that this was actually the throne-room of Satan? Do you remember how this little rock changed into a mighty rock?”

“Yes, Lord, I remember it well,” I answered.

“You saw how Satan tried to flee when he recognised the Rock of righteousness.”

“Yes, Father.”

“The Holy Spirit will take you into the Rock of righteousness. It is my Rock and your Rock.”

I was taken away to where the solid Rock stood in the throne-room of Satan. I ran into the Rock. I was so happy to be with Yeshua. He held me tightly. We were safe inside the impenetrable, transparent outer layer of the granite rock. The rock started moving slowly down one of the dark side passages. Deep down in the passage, the Rock came to a halt before a gigantic fire. Inside the flames devilish angels were dancing. Some of them carried long pronged forks which they jabbed in different directions. On the other side of the fire was a dark cave where human spirits, crammed together, were waiting. Some men had long white beards and long white hair, and they were very old. Some women had long grey hair. They all looked tired and worn.

The Rock moved forward and over the fire, extinguishing the fire completely. An opening formed in the Rock. Everyone who wanted to come in, were taken into the brilliant, white Rock. Some of the prisoners did not want to come in, and this upset me. I could see what was happening, even though I was inside the Rock.

The Rock then rolled into another passage. The same scene was repeated: The fire was extinguished, and those who wanted to come in, were taken up in the Rock. Those who chose not to, stayed behind.



This process was repeated until all the prisoners in the cave had been reached. Those who wanted to be freed, were taken into the Rock. The others chose to stay.

Could this be what 1 Peter 3:19 tells us? "...through whom also he went and preached to the spirits in prison."

I later saw smaller fires burning in the passages. Those human spirits who stayed behind, danced around the fires together with Satan's angels. However, they had changed and looked just like Satan's angels: Their eyes were hard and red. The Rock rolled back into the huge throne-room of Satan. Some of his soldiers hit the Rock with hammers, and used sharp pointed spears to try and break it. But the Rock is unbreakable.

All of a sudden the Rock changed into a shiny, neon-lit little Stone and it rolled down a narrow passage. The Stone was prettier and shinier than before, and the narrow passage eventually came to an end under the surface of the sea. When the shiny Stone touched the water, it changed into a beautiful, gleaming little Fish. A gigantic white eagle swooped down and took the little Fish in both its claws and flew off into the sky. Everything became clear to me and I understood Jesus' words in Matthew 12:40: "For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of a huge fish, so the Son of Man will be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

The eagle flew high and disappeared into a white cloud. From there the eagle and the little Fish went to the throne-room of Father God.

After I meditated on the Word, the truth became clear. Could the eagle have been Father God himself? How incredibly wonderful was this thought! Father God came halfway to fetch his beloved Son. He is the Eagle. The Eagle who took the little Fish in both his mighty, infallible claws and took Him into the bosom of Father God himself!

In the throne-room a feast had been prepared. Thousands of angels blew golden trumpets. A multitude of angels united in beautiful choral song and moved closer.

I looked down and saw exquisite flowers underneath the glass floor. They were in any colour imaginable. Yeshua moved towards us over the glass floor like a prince. He wore a royal robe of pure gold. On his head was an incredible golden crown and in his hand he held a golden sceptre.

The angel chorus sounded louder as the Darling of heaven moved towards the golden throne of God. There He bowed and sat down on a smaller throne next to Father God. This victory is described in Revelations 3:21: "To him who overcomes I will give the right to sit with me on my throne, just as I overcame and sat down with my Father on his throne."

A long table was loaded with sumptuous food. A banquet had been prepared for the Lamb of God. Yeshua's face was brilliant.

The love and light was clearly visible in his face. I looked at Him in amazement and could not tear my eyes away.

The multitude angels moved to and fro over the floor and I could not see the banquet table from close up. The angel who always accompanied me, unexpectedly appeared next to me, gently took my arm and said: "Come, you must write down everything, little sister. Everything must be written down in

detail. People must know that Yeshua had once descended down to hell. Everyone who chooses to run in the eternal Rock, will be welcome at the wedding banquet. It is every persons's choice.

The angel's voice saddened as he continued: "There will be those who will not accept the invitation. For them it will be even worse than before."

"I saw this myself. Yeshua invited everyone to come with Him, to be freed from Satan's slavery, but some refused." I agreed.

"You must write down this as well, and you must do it now before you forget. My daughter, you had to endure and see many things - but this is what you were called to do - to finish this assignment for Me," I recognised Father God's voice.

It was hard for me to leave God's throne-room with the angel, especially since the banquet was now in full swing. It was the banquet of all banquets. Words are inadequate to describe this feast and lack the ability to convey the magnitude of the splendour, the atmosphere and the glory. I wanted to stay there and just look at the King of the universe. The Holy Spirit reminded me in my spirit how Godforsaken hell was, and I turned around to go with the angel.

The burden for lost souls now weighed even heavier on my heart. I had to write it all down, for I had chosen to complete my assignment and, like many others, help carry Jesus' cross.

The Holy Spirit then brought me back.

The fact that Father God allowed me to see and experience these hidden things in spirit, were amazing, and an incredible privilege. I would never have known what had happened when Jesus descended down to hell for three days. Before this I had only read about it. Now I have seen it through spiritual eyes and my heart understood. I had an intense desire to tell my brothers and sisters who have not yet accepted Jesus about this revelation. Time is short, and the harvest great. There is no time to waste, I sensed in my spirit.

I must make it clear that Jesus was never with me when I went down into the darkness of hell. The three days after his crucifixion was the only time He ever went down to hell. Father God only allowed me to experience the protection of the Rock in spirit to show me what had happened when Jesus had descended to hell. Jesus is light. Therefore He only accompanied me to places of light. I could enter the throne-room of God only in his presence. Jesus is light, and in Him there is no darkness at all. (1 John 1:5).

35. The bottomless pool  
Monday, August 4, 2008

Dear reader, the following event took place at a much later stage, but because it forms part of the revelations of Satan, I have added this to part two of this book.

One evening, whilst attending a gathering of prophets, I had a wonderful vision: A high waterfall of silvery white oil instead of water. From somewhere a drop of water fell into the pool of oil at the bottom

of the fall and the oil produced a ring of rainbow-like colours. I looked intently at the circles forming in the pool and saw the reflection of Jesus' face in the middle. Then the anointing was broken and I did not perceive anything else.

When I got back home, I had my quiet time, and then went to bed. Just as I was getting under the soft duvet cover, I heard Father's urgent voice: "Come, Hephzibah, we must go."

I wanted to wait a while to make sure I have heard correctly, but the second command came with such authority that I got up immediately and ran to the guest room. I barely had time to sit down before the Spirit took me to the edge of a sea as dark as the night. The awareness of Father God's voice was the only evidence that I was not alone. His voice was soft, but he commanded with power: "We must go immediately."

At this stage, I did not ask any questions, even as I was laid on my back into a square shaped tube. I glided into the pitch black depths of the water.

"Where is the angel, Father?" I called out anxiously.

Suddenly I saw a round white light in the tube in front of me. Father God answered from closeby: "Hephzibah, today it is only you and I."

Although it was completely dark around me, I was aware of the presence of the Light the whole time. Then things happened very quickly and I was taken deeper into the ocean. Without Father having explained it before, I knew in my spirit that this journey was to the bottomless pit. I did not immediately understand the reason for these events, but I was convinced that this was an important mission. The fact that Father God went with me Himself, proved it.

When I exited the tube, I stood up. Everything around me was black, but I felt that I was standing in water of great immensity. Even through the darkness, cages slowly became visible to me. They were different in size and stood in long rows behind thick gates and bars of steel. It was impossible to see the beginning or end of these cages in the darkness.

While I moved between the cages, I was aware of Father's presence close to me. Even through the darkness I could make out something of the content of the cages. In some of them were steel boxes, or trunks, locked with heavy duty locks, similar to the large locks of the steel cages. In some of the cages I could see scrolls, and in others incredibly beautiful jewels: Rubies, emeralds, sapphires, citrines and many others.

The other cages were too dark and I sensed that Father did not want me to see their contents. These were guarded by enormous snakes that curled around the cages like pythons. Fleetinglly I wondered whether this was the same abyss referred to in Revelations 20: 1-3: "And I saw an angel coming down out heaven, having the key to the Abyss and holding in his hand a great chain. He seized the dragon, that

ancient serpent, who is the devil, or Satan, and bound him for a thousand years. He threw him into the Abyss, and locked and sealed it over him, to keep him from deceiving the nations any more until the thousand years had ended.”

Even though I was not afraid, and did not feel threatened, I experienced feelings of anger and resentment, for I instinctively knew that this was the enemy’s domain. It was a desolate place, cold and far away from God. I felt paralyzed and dreaded its ominous silence, but still tried to determine what the contents of the cages were. It was eerily quiet. All that I could hear clearly was the continuous dripping of water. The floor around and in front of the cages was dirty and mouldy. I heard Father say: “Come, we must go down deeper.”

We went down deeper into the pitch dark until I saw a spot of light in the distance.

“Those are your treasures. Come, we must take them into the light,” I heard Father say.

When we got close to the spot of light, I saw a little steel box with a thick lock. Although the box looked very heavy, I could still carry it.

“We are going back along another route. Come,” Father commanded, and I had to follow Him in the pitch dark. Things then happened so quickly that it felt as if we were simply transferred to the surface. When we got out of the dark water, we were at the same waterfall where I had been earlier that evening.

“You have been robbed of happiness, joy and your calling. I am now going to change this into blessings.” I heard Father say with excitement in his voice. An angel took the steel box from my arms and went to the top of the fall. He opened the box and poured the content down the oil which poured over the fall. I had to stand underneath the oil so that it washed over me.

“As from this moment all of which you have been robbed, will be restored a hundred fold unto you. It will be given to you by the Holy Spirit. A mighty anointing will be kindled inside you like a fire. Your day of favour has arrived.”

When I looked up I saw something which looked like a sieve. Oil flowed through little funnels in the holes of the sieve and poured over me. After a while I heard Father say softly and tenderly: “Go in peace, my daughter. Many gifts still await you.”

When the Spirit brought me back, I sat quietly for a long time, astounded by it all. The moment was so intense and overpowering that I could only whisper: “Thank you, thank you Father God. Thank you. You are almighty. Holy is your Name, the Name above all names.”

Back in bed I couldn’t fall asleep even though I was very tired. I meditated on the events for a long time. How infinitely great and good is Father God! How unfathomable the secrets and mysteries of heaven. No one can ever compare with the only everlasting God of heaven and earth.

I woke up at about three in the morning and clearly heard the words: “I am going to do something new.”

I lay awake for a long time, but I was not taken on a journey. Later I fell asleep again. When I was woken up, I distinctly heard the following words: “I am taking you into a new dimension. God wants to give you clear and pure sight, for he is planning something new for you. Buy a silver bracelet and have the following words engraved: It is new.” It reminded me of the words in Psalm 12:7. The silver bracelet was of great significance, just as in Rebecca’s life when she decided to become Isaac’s wife. She received silver bracelets as a marriage pledge. (Genesis 24: 47-48).

At nine I left for the school for prophets. At the end of our teaching the following was prophesied to me:

“This season is coming to an end. Within three days Father will take you into a new season. God will take you into a new dimension. He will take you deeper, to the next level: A dimension where you will move in your creative purpose. The purpose for which He made you. The blueprint for your life. Father gives you new vision and dreams, and this will result in a new book, because you must note down everything carefully. Father will send two angels to be with you every day. You must not be afraid. You will never be left alone. Father God will hold you against his heart and envelop you with his presence. He will never let you out of his heart. This is what the Holy Spirit revealed to me to tell you.”

This confirmed the revelations of the previous evening. This book’s season has drawn to an end. With the help of Father God, my beloved Yeshua and the Holy Spirit these wonderful revelations can now be written down in book form. These were the most wonderful journeys of my life. The fulfilment of my deepest longings and desires have been realised. I want to live according to the will and blueprint of God’s plan.

Just like God’s promises were realised in the first revelations, I believe that He will fulfil the above prophecy and keep the promise He made in Genesis 28:15: “I will not leave you until I have done what I have promised you.”

I look forward with expectation to what God has in mind for me: To new revelations during future journeys. I honour my God and my Father for this.

My God is alive!

End

If anyone should ask me what I personally want to communicate to readers, there is one, crucial message: Get to the place where you trust God unconditionally: Where you trust God with your whole heart, soul and spirit, for then you have nothing to fear and the terrors of hell cannot harm you. When you live through Jesus and his righteousness you can rightfully have a personal and intimate relationship with God, our Father.

“For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son,” that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life” (John 3:16). “Whoever believes in the Son has eternal life” (John 3:36). “Now this is eternal life: that they may know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, who you have sent (John 17:3). The people asked Peter and the other apostles: “What must we do to be saved?” And Peter’s answer was: “Repent and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins and you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit” (Acts 2:38). Verse 39 says: “The promise is for you and your children and for all who are far off - for all whom the Lord our God will call.”

If up to this moment you have not yet taken this step, but it is the desire of heart, I would like to guide you further. It is the lifeline which makes you give the first step on the road to the heart of Father God. “Consequently you are no longer foreigners and aliens, but fellow-citizens with God’s people and members of God’s household” (Ephesians 2:19).

Pray this simple prayer with me:

*Almighty God and heavenly Father, I acknowledge You as the only God  
of heaven and earth. There is no other God besides you.  
I confess that Jesus Christ, my Saviour and High priest intercedes for me at your throne. I ask You to  
forgive all my sins and transgressions of the past. I confess that Jesus took all my sins upon Himself  
when He died for me on the cross.  
I accept the presence of the Holy Spirit as my Teacher and Instructor for He represents  
God's Spirit in my life.  
Thank you, Father, that as from today I am no longer an orphan. I have an eternal Father  
and I now belong to the family of Christ.  
Father, You promise in Ephesians 3:19 that I can now know the love of Christ, the love  
which surpasses all understanding, in the fulness which comes from You. In Colossians 1:13  
you confirm, Father, that You have pulled me out the darkness and I am now under the authority  
of your beloved Son, Jesus Christ: Jesus, whom I also now love for He gave his life for me.  
Father God, You promise in Romans 10:13: "Everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be  
saved." I now call on You and thank You, Father God. I give you all the honour. Through You and  
unto You do all things exist. To You belong the glory for all eternity.  
Amen.*

Back of Book copy:

Another edition available in this series of revelations from the heart of God, is:

Secrets of heaven unveiled: This is a love letter from Jesus, our Bridegroom, to his beloved bride. In this book Hephzibah describes her astounding discoveries as she travels with Jesus to glorious heavenly places such as the baby room, the golden city, the book of life, the room of tears, and many others.

“This book will take you on heavenly journeys where, in spirit, you will discover and experience the presence of God, our Creator. For a few precious moments, the veil is lifted for the reader to look into that which Father God has prepared for his bride. I strongly recommend this book - it is a supernatural journey into greater revelations of the reality of the “treasures of darkness, riches stored in secret places, so that you may know that I am the LORD, the God of Israel.” Isaiah 45:3

Over back Page

This book deals with intimate journeys to the heart of God. Travel with Hephzibah on her incredible journeys and share the experiences from within the throne-room of Abba Father.

Amos 3:7 says: “Surely the Sovereign Lord does nothing without revealing his plan to his servants the prophets.”

The content of this book deals with more than just Hephzibah’s supernatural encounters. It teaches us how to dance in Father God’s presence to the rhythm of his heart.

As part of the endtime-bride of Christ Jesus, we live in a season of Scripture being fulfilled. Joel 2:28 says: “And afterwards, I will pour out my Spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your old men will dream dreams, your young men will see visions.”

The book reveals the power of faith, and the victory of Father God’s love. At the same time the strategy of the defeated enemy is revealed.

My prayer is that as you journey to the heart of Father God, you will experience an open heaven as the Holy Spirit ministers to you.

Shalom.

Zoë Botes

Pastor: Equip & Empower Ministries

Hephzibah Maritz is better known as Kowie Rossouw. This acclaimed writer has already written eighteen youth books, plus six adult novels. In *Secrets of hell revealed*, she describes her supernatural spiritual journeys and the heavenly revelations that Father God instructed her to write down in book form. This is the second in a series of books. The first book, *Secrets of heaven unveiled - Revelations of God’s love for his bride*, is currently being translated.